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Hudibras
by
Samuel Butler

SAMUEL BUTLER

Born 1612?

Died 1680

SAMUEL BUTLER

HUDIBRAS

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE LATE
WARS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER



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NOTE.

THE first edition of the First Part of Samuel Butler's *Hudibras* was 'Printed by J. G. for Richard Marriot, under Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet street. 1663.' It was published anonymously and carries the 'Imprimatur' of 'Jo: Berkenhead. Novemb. 11. 1662.' The title runs thus:—HUDIBRAS. | THE FIRST PART. | *Written in the time of the late Wars.* |, followed by the design of a wreath. The book measures $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ ins., contains 268 pages, and a few errata are given at the foot of the last page. Though dated 1663, it was on sale soon after the date of the License, for Mr Pepys, who does not seem to have been greatly attracted to the poem at his first reading, records, under date December 26, 1662: 'To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.' He appears, however, to have repented of this rash act, for six weeks later (February 6, 1662-3) he writes: 'And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudibras again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be an example of wit;

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for which I am resolved once again to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.' (Ed. Wheatley, 1893.)

The Second Part, 'By the Authour of the First,' was 'Printed by T. R. for *John Martyn*, and *James Allestry* at the Bell in *St Pauls Church Yard*, 1664.' A block on the title page contains the design of a bell and the publishers' initials 'M A' interlaced. The 'Imprimatur' is signed 'Roger L'Estrange. Novemb. 5th. 1663.' The book measures $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ ins., contains 216 pages and has a few errata noted at the foot of the last page.

These first editions of Parts I. and II. do not contain either the 'Annotations' or 'An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel,' which were added later. Both parts were 'corrected and amended, with several additions and annotations' in 1674. An issue of the year 1678 forms the basis of the present edition, and in the Appendix will be found the variations between the issues of 1678 and the first editions of 1663-4.

'The Third and last Part. Written by the Author of the First and Second Parts,' 'Printed for *Simon Miller*, at the sign of the *Star* at the West End of *St Pauls*,' (4×7 ins.) was published in 1678 and reprinted in 1679, from a copy of which later issue the present text has been printed. A few trifling variations between 1678 and 1679 will be found noted in the Appendix to the present edition, where also will be found a list of errors in the three parts deemed to be misprints and therefore altered in the present text.

Of the numerous editions which appeared after the death of Butler, mention need only be made of the elaborately annotated two volume edition of Zachary Grey, LL.D., 'Adorn'd with a new Set of Cuts' (by Hogarth), published at Cambridge in 1744 and 'Printed

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by J. BENTHAM, Printer to the UNIVERSITY, for W. Innys, A. Ward, Mess. J. and P. Knapton, D. Browne, S. Birt, T. Longman, T. Woodward, C. Hitch, J. Oswald, J. Shuckburgh, J. Hodges, E. Wicksteed, Mess. Ward and Chandler, G. Hawkins, Mess. J. and R. Tonson, M. Cooper, R. Wellington, and C. Bathurst, in LONDON.' Dr Grey gives the reading he prefers, when confronted with earlier and later readings, and in other respects his text is 'edited.' Its annotations are its great merit.

The purchaser of early editions of Butler's *Hudibras* may be warned against the spurious or pirated issues that accompanied the first edition of Part I.; the particulars given above should suffice to identify the first genuine impression. The matter is further complicated by the existence of genuine texts in a smaller state, concerning which Lowndes (ed. H. G. Bohn, 1862) states 'When the legitimate "author's edition," in small 8vo. came out in 1663, another smaller edition, the size of the spurious one, appears to have been published at the same time, and by the same publishers, probably to compete in cheapness with its rival.'

I have taken the alternative readings of Parts I. and II. from the copy of the first genuine 8vo. state in the Cambridge University Library (Syn. 7, 66, 55). Of the various states of the first edition of Part III. particulars are given in an interesting correspondence in *Notes and Queries*, 6th ser., vi. pp. 108, 150, 276, 311, 370 and 454. The copies collated in the preparation of the present text are those in the British Museum (G. 11450 and 11623. c. 23. (2.)). A useful bibliography of illustrated editions of *Hudibras*, translations, spurious editions, imitations, etc., will be found in Mr R. B. Johnson's edition of the poetical works of Samuel Butler, Vol. 1., 1893, and some interesting states of the early issues of

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Parts I. and II. are described in Messrs Pickering and Chatto's Book Lover's Leaflet, No. 137.

The method adopted in the editing of the present text is the same as that adopted for the other volumes of the CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS. Evident misprints in punctuation have been corrected but all such cases are set forth in the Appendix at the end. In all other respects, what are now regarded as eccentricities of punctuation have been left as originally printed, just as inconsistencies of spelling have been left 'unedited.' Even to students who have only acquired a slight familiarity with the literature of two or three hundred years ago, the 'pointing' of those days is no more a stumbling-block than the spelling; it is no greater hindrance to appreciation and understanding; and it gives to the general reader an added sense of nearness to the actual form in which the author made his appearance.

A. R. WALLER.

CAMBRIDGE,

16 *December*, 1904.

HUDIBRAS.

The First and Second Parts.

Written in the Time of the
Late Wars.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,
With
Several Additions and Annotations.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. N. for *John Martyn* and *Henry Herringman*, at the *Bell* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*, and at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1678.

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth :
His Arms and Equipage are shown ;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

CANTO I.

WHEN *civil* fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
When hard *Words*, *Jealousies*, and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
When *Gospel-Trumpeter* surrounded,
With long-ear'd rout to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

HUDIBRAS

A Wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood*;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on Shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain:
Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
And offer to lay wagers that
As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Ass,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.
Unless on Holy-days, or so,
As Men their best Apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek:
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Black-bird 'tis to whistle.

FIRST PART, CANTO I

Being rich in both, he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford,
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:
And truely so perhaps, he was
'Tis many a Pious Christians case.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in *Analytick*.
He could distinguish, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl,
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men*, and *Trustees*;
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogism, true
In mood and Figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick* he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a 'Trope:
And when he hapned to break off
I'th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk,
For all a Rhetoricians Rules,
Teach nothing but to name his Tools,
His ordinary Rate of Speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,

HUDIBRAS

A *Babylonish* dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages :
'Twas English cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
Which made some think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labo'ers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent.
And truly to support that charge
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit :
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.
That had the Orator who once,
Did fill his Mouth with Pibble Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brabe*, or *Erra Pater* :
For he, by *Geometrick* scale,
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale* ;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents streight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
The Clock doth strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read every Text and gloss over :
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b' implicit Faith,

FIRST PART, CANTO I

What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either said or sung.
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook th' one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies flie;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly,
In *School Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a Hand,
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand.
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be lett unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.

HUDIBRAS

He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
And as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
B[e]low the Moon, or else above it.
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloss or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment:
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrines Orthodox
By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,

FIRST PART, CANTO I

Than Dog distract, or Monky sick.
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to;
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spight,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other Men all Sin.
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with *minc'd Pies*, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-porridge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*.
Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were Ass and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
As if Hipocrisie and Non-sence
Had got th' Advouson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen Sirs, it followeth thus:

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal grace
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dy so like a Tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With grizly type did represent

HUDIBRAS

Declining Age of Government ;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue ;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Canonick, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict vow ;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere* :
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdome with resolution ;
T' oppose it self against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed State :
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last.
But when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State ;
Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its Whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
But with his rusty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Would last as long as Parent breech :
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

FIRST PART, CANTO I

His *Back*, or rather Burthen show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire,
Upon his S[h]oulders through the Fire :
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back :
Which now had almost got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the same bulk before :
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Countrey house affords ;
W[i]th other Viçtual, which anon,
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his Hose we come to treat,
The Cub-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof ;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use.
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*,
To old King *Harry* so well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece,
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For Warriars that delight in Blood ;
For, as we said, he alway chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose.
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,
The Ammunition to surprize :
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood
And from the wounded Foe drew bloud,

HUDIBRAS

And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'r left the fortifi'd Redoubt ;
And though Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
And Regions Desolate they past,
Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Provision on Record :
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight,
'Tis false : for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hose ;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat ;
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons ;
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest ;
As learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come,
His Puissant Sword unto his side
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,
And serve for Fight, and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets ;
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt :

FIRST PART, CANTO I

For of the lower end two handful,
It had devoured 'twas so manful;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate Attempts
Of Wars, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page.
But was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging;
When it had stab'd or broke a head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shooes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his Hose he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood Sentinel,
To guard the Magazine i'th' Hose
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortifi'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force

HUDIBRAS

He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much adoe
To reach it with his desperate Toe.
But after many strains and heaves
He got up to the Saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold of Tail and Mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we f[ur]ther do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.
The Beast was sturdy large and tall,
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall:
I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave majestick state.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoof, t,
Nor trode upon the ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known,)
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.

FIRST PART, CANTO I

His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flirt
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt:
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's Horse,
The other would not hang an Arse :

A Squire he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though Writers (for more statelier tone)
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one :
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'll call him so, if not plain *Ralph*,
For Rhime the Rudder is of Verses,
With which like Ships they steer their courses.
An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair
To his great Ancestor, her Heir :
From him descended cross-leg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights
Against the bloody Caniball,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knights, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it *Gift*, and some *New light* ;
A liberal Art, that costs no pains

HUDIBRAS

Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
 His Wits were sent him for a Token,
 But in the Carriage crackt and broken
 Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
 With to and from my Love, it lookt,
 He ne'r consider'd it, as loath
 To look a Gift-horse in the Mouth ;
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too.
 For Saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of Gifts that cos[t] them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
 Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
 He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a Nee[d]le ;
 For as of Vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'r beside their way :
 What e'r men speak by this *New Light*,
 Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
 'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it.
 A Light that falls down from on high,
 For Spiritual Trades to couzen by :
 An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
 To make them *dip* themselves, and sound
 For Christendom [in] dirty Pond ;
 To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,
 And fish to catch Regeneration.
 This Light inspires, and plays upon
 The nose of Saint like Bag-pipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal Ear
 But spiritual Eve-droppers can hear.
 So *Phæbus* or some friendly Muse
 Into small Poets song infuse ;
 Which they at second-hand rehearse

FIRST PART, CANTO I

Through Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-leg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware :

For mystick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
Whose Primitive Tradition reaches
As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches :
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences ;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible World could say ;
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And solid Lying much renown'd :
He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* understood ;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm :
In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
He understood the speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do words :
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean ;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk Knave*, *walk*.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like water,
Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wise ;
For dropt in blere, thick-sighted Eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of these (as he profest)
He had *First Matter* seen undrest :
He took her naked all alone,

HUDIBRAS

Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
Not that of Past-board which men shew
For Groats at Fair of *Barthol'mew* ;
But its great Gransire, first o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came :
Both Cousin-Germans, and right able
T'inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, some say,
O'th' younger house to *Puppet-Play*.
He could foretell what's'ever was
By consequence to come to pass.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
By inward Light, a way as good,
And easie to be understood.
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the Stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
Upon themselves what others forge :
As if they were consenting to
All mischief in the World men do :
Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'l search a Planet's house, to know,
Who broke and robb'd a house below :
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
Who stole a 'Thimble and a Spoon :
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'l question *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke :
Make *Mercury* confess and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
They'l find i' th' Physiognomies

FIRST PART, CANTO I

O' th' Planets all mens destinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.
Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
And from Positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulses of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Crysis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What make[s] them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wise, for only of those
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians.
There they say right, and lik true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrew'd.
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Virtues, Parts, and Wit.
Their Valors too were of a Rate,
And out they sally'd at the Gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to Treat:
But e'er we venture to unfold
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should as learned Poets use,
Invoke the assistance of some *Muse*;
However Criticks count it sillier
Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.

HUDIBRAS

We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Prin*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, though it were in spight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write ;
Who, as we finde in sullen Writs,
And cross-graind Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhime upon't
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men scribble without skill,
Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,
And teach all People to translate ;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no Part of Speech :
Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known ;
Therefore there needs no more be sed here
We unto them refer our Reader :
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not understood.
To this Town People did repair
On days of Market or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labor :
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,

FIRST PART, CANTO I

Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient *Heroe's* in high prize ;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Ist[h]mian* or *Nemean* game ;
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle like a Bear at stake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-rout.
For after solemn Proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of Bear ;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy ;
If they come wounded off and lame
No honour's got by such a maim.
Although the Bear gain'd much b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground.
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But let them know at their own cost
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and [other] harms,
Which always wait on feats of Arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the Knight his course did stear,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear* ;
As he believ'd h' was bound to doe,
In Conscience and Commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;

We that are wisely mounted higher
Then Constables, in Curule wit,
When on 'Tribunal bench we sit,

HUDIBRAS

Like Speculators, should foresee
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Mischiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same ;
(For where the first does hap to be
The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To save th' expence of Christian blood,
And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and accommodation
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives
Enough at once to lie at stake,
For *Cov'nant* and the *Causes* sake ;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*
As well as we must venture theirs ?
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil Counsel* is fomented,
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
A deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting Brother against Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane* & *angue pejus* hate us ?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our selves without a cause ?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody *Cynar&tomachy*
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it :

FIRST PART, CANTO I

Unless by providential wit
 Or force we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest
 Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
 They fight for no espoused *Cause*;
 Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundamental Laws*,
 Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
 Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation*;
 Nor *Liberty of Consciences*,
 Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
 Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church Lands*,
 To get them in their own no Hands;
 Nor *evil Counsellors* to bring
 To Justice that seduce the King;
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' *Egyptians* worshipp'd *Dogs*, and for
 Their faith made fierce and zealous Warr.
 Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
 For that Church suffer'd Martyrdome.
 The *Indians* fought for the truth
 Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's Tooth*:
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
 But no Beast ever was so slight,
 For Man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, we onely do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observed, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
 Just so by our example Cattle
 Learn to give one another Battel.
 We read in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*,

HUDIBRAS

They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then set Dogs about their Ears :
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The Point seems very plain to be.
It is an Antichristia[n] Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name ;
First for the *Name*, The word *Bear-baiting*,
Is Carnal, and of man's creating :
For certainly there's no such word
In all the *Scripture* on Record.
Therefore unlawful and a sin,
And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, *Classick*, *National* ;
Mere humane Creature-Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous :
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions whatsoe'r
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*
No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat* ;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st :
(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this :
For if by sly *Homœosis*,
Thou would'st Sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt

FIRST PART, CANTO I

But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis* :
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all as well as sin,
That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness :
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leak a Cabbage.
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A Paradox, and th' own hot brain :
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's Analogical ?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting* ?
A just comparison still is,
Of things *ejusdem generis*.
And then what *Genus* rightly doth,
Include and comprehend them both ?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As justly pass for *Bears* as they.
For we are Animals no less,
Although of different *Specieses*.
But, *Ralpho* this is no fit place,
Nor time to argue out the Case :
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
Another manner of Dispute.
A Controversie that affords
ACTIONS for Arguments, not Words :
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate ;

HUDIBRAS

To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
W' are flurr'd and outed by success:
Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or surest hand can always hit:
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious Causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions:
Nor doth the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead,
Fortune and Cowardise succeed,
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be so ample,
We need no copy from example,
We're not the onely person durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of these the objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis sung, There is a valiant *Marmaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd————
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Person, Parts, Address and Beard:
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought.
He oft in such Attempts as these
Came off with glory and success.
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Resolution.
Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;

FIRST PART, CANTO I

With ent'ring manfully, and urging ;
Not slow approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours, with rusty steell, did smite
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch ;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A Wight bestride a *Commonweal* ;
Whil'st still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

HUDIBRAS

The ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

*The Catalogue and Character
Of the Enemies best Men of War;
Whom in a bald Harangue, the Knight
Defy's, and challenges to fight:
H' incounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

CANTO II.

THere was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O' th' first of these w'have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right
We mean in what concerns just fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)

FIRST PART, CANTO II

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valors
Just like the Manhood of nine Tailors.
So a wilde *Tartar* when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit :
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large Bones ;
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked Truth of what befell ;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert :
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'rcome the *Giant*.
This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to say, whether *Tolutation*,
As they do term't, or *Succussion*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how.
Yet some from subtle hints [h]ave got
Mysterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that pass : they now begun
To spurr their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,

HUDIBRAS

The learned hold, are Animals,
So Horses they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from Engins,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which the Enemy did then encamp on,
The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren :
Who now began to take the Field
As from his Steed the Knight beheld :
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Rais'd on his aged Beast could see :
But not sufficient to descry
All postures of the Enemy.
And therefore orders the bold Squire
T' advance, and view their Body nigher,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed :
To fit himself for Martial deed :
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward,
Courage within, and Steel without
To give, or to receive a Rout.
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well
Drawn out from life-preserving Vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard :
And after many a painful pluck,
He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess
In Scabbard of his Arms set loose ;
And rais'd upon his desperate foot

FIRST PART, CANTO II

On stirrup side he gaz'd about,
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
The Squire advanc'd with greater speed ;
Then could b' expected from his Steed ;
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had survey'd
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van, main Battel, Wings* and *Rear*.

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowders march'd, expert and able :
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warriar's stomach come,
Whose noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vineger :
For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a months mind to combat ?
A squeaking Engine he apply'd,
Unto his Neck on North-east side,
Just where the Hangman does dispose,
To special Friends the fatal Noose :
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Statesmen* straight
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o'er the strings,
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings* :
For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden :
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick :
For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth ;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use onely of his Beard.
In *Staffordshire*, where Virtuous worth
Does raise the Minstrelsie, not Birth ;

HUDIBRAS

Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
 And Ruler, o'er the men of string;
 (As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)
 He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
 By chance of War was beaten down,
 And wounded sore: his *Leg* then broke,
 Had got a Deputy of Oke:
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt;
 Esteem'd more honorable than the other,
 And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
 Wise Conduct, and success in War:
 A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.
 With Truncheon tip'd with Iron head,
 The Warrior to the Lists [he] led;
 With solemn march and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face:
 Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
 Or Spanish Potentate *Don Diego*.
 This Leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for Charge or for Retreat.
 Knew when t' engage his *Bear* Pel-mel
 And when to bring him off as well.
 So Lawyers, least the *Bear* Defendent,
 And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgement, and *Demurrer*,
 To let them breathe awhile and then
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
 As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
 Bred up where Discipline most rare is,
 In Military *Garden-Paris*.
 For Soldiers heretofore did grow

FIRST PART, CANTO II

In Gardens, Just as Weeds do now ;
 Until some splay-foot Politicians
 T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
 For licensing a new invention
 Th' 'ad found out of an antique Engine
 To root out all the Weeds that grow
 In publick Garden at a blow,
 And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done? quoth *Statesmen* ; yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known, you'l say 'tis casie.
 Why, then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
 We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
 A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
 A pretty invention quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 We are ('tis true) chief President ;
 We such loud Musick do n't profess,
 The Devil's Master of that Office,
 Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,
 He'l sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply your selves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you, for his Fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th' had better have let them grow there stil.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is stout *Orsin* :
 That which [so] oft by sundry writers,
 Has been apply'd to almost all fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
 Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
 None [ever] acted both parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
 He was of great descent and high,
 For splendor and antiquity ;
 And from Cælestial origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
 Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
 Who, that their base births might be hid,
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,

HUDIBRAS

And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himself and others
O' th' Gods Gallants to their own Mothers.
To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*.
Arctophylax, in Northern Sphere,
Was his undoubted Ancestor :
From [him] his Great Forefathers came,
And in all Ages bore his name.
Learn'd he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his side a Pouch he wore
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds six Miles point-blank would solder,
By skilful *Chymist* with great cost
Extracted from a rotten Post ;
But of a heav'nlier influence,
Than that which Mountebanks dispense ;
Though by *Promethean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade,
For as when Slovens do amiss
At others doors by Stool or Piss,
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the Dung,
Unto the part that did the wrong :
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous *Orsin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable : and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War ;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next' him,
With Visage formidably grim.
And rugged as a *Saracin*,

FIRST PART, CANTO II

Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin ;
 Clad in a Mantle *de la Guer*
 Of rough impenetrable Fur ;
 And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,
 He wore for Ornament a Ring ;
 About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
 As tough as trebled leathern Tar[g]et ;
Armed, as *Heralds cant*, and langu[e]d,
 Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.
 For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
 Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray.
 So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
 Which they do eat their Vittle with.
 He was, by birth, some Authors write,
 A *Russian*, some a *M[u]scovite*,
 And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
 Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
 That serve to fill up Pages here,
 As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german
 With whom he serv'd and fed on Vermin :
 And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws.
 And though his Country-men, the *Huns*,
 Did use to stew between their *Bums*,
 And their warm Horses backs, their meat,
 And every man his Saddle eat :
 He was not half so nice as they,
 But eat it raw when 't came in 'is way.
 He had trac'd Countreys far and near,
 More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller ;
 Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
 Of noble house, a Lady gay,
 And got on her a Race of Worthies
 As stout as any upon Earth is.
 Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsin* oft had been ;
 Each striving to deserve the Crown
 Of a sav'd Citizen : the one
 To guard his Bear, the other fought

HUDIBRAS

To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighborhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:
Inur'd to labor, sweat, and toyl,
And like a Champion, shone with Oyl.
Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many a Fatherless, had made.
He many a *Bore* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the *Bore* or *Dun Cow* far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets say, long ago
Bold *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)
E'er sent so vast a Colony
To both the under-worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to prophane a thing
So Sacred, with vile bungling.

FIRST PART, CANTO II

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Forest-Bore,
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,
Which o'er his brazen A[r]ms he held.
But Brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilful in the Spheres
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himself in Color,
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuss*, and *Saker*,
He was th' Inventer of and Maker:
The *Trumpet* and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the first that e'r did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A Lance he bore with Iron pike,
The one half would thrust, the other strike:
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd Armor of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall

HUDIBRAS

As *Joan* of *France*, or *English Mall*,
Through perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him, or it forsook.
At breach of Wall, or Hedge surprize,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more bus'ly,
Than the *Amazonian Dame*, *Penthesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are [to] blame,
That spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
Their Women should pretend to War,
They would not suffer the stout'st Dame,
To swear by *Hercules* his Name,
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a-stride;
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open field;
As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
And she that would have been the Mistriss
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in Prose:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:

FIRST PART, CANTO II

And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't
Of all his Race the Valiant'st ;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong :
He rais'd the low, and fortifi'd
The weak against the strongest side.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his ;
With whom his black thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten years War :
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down
So many years before *Troy* Town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-sol'd Boots*, no less than Fights ;
They ow'd that Glory onely to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
Next Re&ctifier of *Wry Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like *Ram* or *Bull*, at *Conventicle* :
For Disputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Skulls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to blows by fatal Star ;
Right expert in Command of Horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.

HUDIBRAS

That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horse*, were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The self-same Vigor, Fury, Wroth :
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had the harder heart ;
Although his Horse had been of those,
That fed on Man's flesh, As Fame goes.
Strange food for Horse ! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*,
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable ;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted fother
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel Steed.
It was a question whether He
Or's Horse were of a Family
More Worshipful : till Antiquaries,
(After th' 'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the Horse's side,
And prov'd not onely Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder house :
For Beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These Worthies were the chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Companies round about ;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres :
From forain Parishes and Regions,

FIRST PART, CANTO II

Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastives; some to fight
For Fame and Honor, some for sight.
And now the field of Death, the Lists
Were ent'red by Antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury
Doth you to those dire actions hurry?
What *Oestrums*, what phrenetick mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks——ghost?
What Towns, what Garisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?
The *Cause* for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League and Covenant*
Will seem a meer *God-dam-me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make *War for the King*
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear we do
For *God* and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The Bloud and Treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' *Protestation*,

HUDIBRAS

The Prototype of *Reformation*,
 Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,
 Wore in their Hats, like Wedding-Garters,
 When 'twas resolved by their House
Six Members quarrel to espouse?
 Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable;
 And make all *Cries* about the Town
 Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
 Who having round begirt the Palace,
 (As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
 As Members gave the sign about
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church Discipline, for patching *Kettle*.
 No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
 To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
 The *Oyster-wom*[e]n lock'd their Fish up,
 And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.
 The *Mouse-trap* men laid *Save-alls* by,
 And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left old *Cloaths* in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
 Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
 Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*:
 And some for *Broom*, *old Boots*, and *Shoes*,
 Baul'd out to *purge* the *Commons House*:
 Instead of *Kitchin-stuff*, some cry
 A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry*;
 And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
 No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
 And is this all? is this the end
 To which these *carr'ings* on did tend?
 Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heir
 For this ta'en up all sorts of Ware,
 And run int' ev'ry *Tradesman's Book*,
 Till both turn'd *Bankrupts*, and are broke?
 Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,

FIRST PART, CANTO II

And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they *coyn* *Piss-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did start up living men as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragons teeth* being sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* off'rings, consecrate
Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it.
So say the *Wicked*——and will you
Make that Sarcasmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than Calves and Steers?
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themselves out and their Lungs;
Us'd all means both direct and sinister
I' th' power of *Gospel-Preaching Minister*?
Have they invented *Tones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* design,
And which way best to countermine;
Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'r advance the *Kirk*,
Told it the *News* o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures* and *Propositions*,
(Such as the *Army* did present
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confess,

HUDIBRAS

They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal,
All on a flame bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all-a-gog.
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*.

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To 't self, and sent them, like Commissions,
To *Well-affected* Persons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With pow'r to levy Horse and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd
As if they to th' *Pillory* rode,
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cause's* service:
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray:
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,
Each man of us to run before
Another still in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Dispensation?
How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it?
What will *Malignants* say? *Videlicet*,
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest:
And bid *the Devil take the hin'most*,
Which at this Race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness to *reform*
The Church and State is but a worm;
For to subscribe unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown Churches Discipline:
What is it else, but before-hand,
T' ingage, and after understand?

FIRST PART, CANTO II

For when we swore to carry on
The present *Reformation*,
According to the Purest mode
Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches these should be.
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *Et cæteras* ;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
Rather than *Gospel-walking* times,
When slighted Sins are greatest Crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Brethren and your Countrey-men ;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender,
The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is the chief
Author and Enginier of mischief ;
That makes division between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
To condigne Punishment as th'y ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :
For then [I]'ll take another course,
And son *Reduce* you all by force.

HUDIBRAS

This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol*, who had long suppress
Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in Furnace,
Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice as of Cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen Luggage
[O'] thy self, old I'rn and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy Lumber against us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t'employ it self about,
Where thou secure from Wooden blow
Thy busy vanity might'st show?
Was no dispute afoot between
The *Catterwauling Brethren*?
No subtle Question rais'd among
Those *out-o'-their wits* and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those Combatants
O' th' times, the Land and Water-Saints;
Where thou might'st *stickle without hazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazard,
And not for want of bus'ness come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of Disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stolen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busie from foul evil,

FIRST PART, CANTO II

And shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*;
To *cheat* with *Holiness* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
Or sent th'on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th'hast Brain enough in Sk[u]ll
To keep within it's lodging whole.
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting hands* and *eyes up* both,
Three times [he] smote on stomach stout,
From whence at length these words broke out.
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honor to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel?
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good Meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make Natural Death appear thy work,
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by Bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down lives;
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,

HUDIBRAS

For civil Deed and Military.
Nor shall these words of Venom base,
Which thou hast from their Native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free,
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With Gantlet blew and Bases white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
So great a man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal
But Men with hands as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of *Talgol's* Skull,
Vowing that he would ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her *Gorgon*-shield which made the Cock
Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*.
And he his rusty Pistol held
'To take the blow on, like a Shield;
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon

FIRST PART, CANTO II

His mortal foe the Truncheon.
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose
 It self against dead-doing blows,
 To guard its Leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd it self again.
 And though the sword (some understood)
 In force had much the odds of Wood;
 'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc't
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
 For Wood with Honor be'ng engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd,
 Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises Honor more.
 And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death;
 While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting
 Conquest should be so long a getting,
 He drew up all his force into
 One Body, and that into one Blow.
 But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
 By cunning slight; for had it hit,
 The Upper part of him the Blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
 To aid his Friend began to fall on,
 Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew
 A fierce Dispute betwixt them two:
 Th'one arm'd with Metall, t'other with Wood;
 This fit for bruise, and that for Blood.
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
 While none that saw them could divine
 To which side Conquest would encline:
 Until *Magnano*, who did envy
 That two should with so many men vye,
 By subtle stratagem of brain
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain,

HUDIBRAS

For he by foul hap having found
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horses Tail
With prickles sharper than a Nail :
The angry Beast did strait resent
The wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h'had been beside his sense,
Striving to disingage from Smart,
And raging Pain, th'afflicted Part,
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back ;
And blundring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,
That stagger'd him. The *Knight* did stoop
And sate on further side aslope,
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't ;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him twice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd ;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound,
Like Feather-Bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.

FIRST PART, CANTO II

He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the fume,
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever Herald drew him,
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and rav'd
And vex't the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the *Law of Arms*:
For Men he always took to be
His friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his Nose
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th'amazed crew,
Some he o'er ran, and some o'er threw
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t'avoid the conqu'ring *Knight*.
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its betters, th'wooden one.
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd

HUDIBRAS

Upon the ground, like log of Wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed Wound,
 And loss of Urine, in a swoond,
 In haste he snatch'd the Wooden limb
 That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t'attack the *Knight*.
 For getting up on stump and huckle,
 He with the foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of Crowd and Shin upon the Wretch,
 Sole Author of all Detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent.
 But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
 T' adventure Resurrection
 From heavy Squelch, and had got up
 Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)
 Looking about beheld the Bard
 To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
 He snatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his Steed,
 (As Rats do from a falling house)
 To hide it self from rage of blows ;
 And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.
 Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
 The Leg encounter'd twice and once :
 And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,
 When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.
 He took the blow upon his Arm,
 To shield the *Knight* from further harm ;
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 O' th' wooden member such a load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowderso, whom it prop'd before.
 To him the *Squire* did right nimbly run,
 And setting his bold foot upon
 His Trunk, thus spoke : What *desp'rate Frenzie*
 Made thee, (thou whelp of sin) to fancy
 Thy self and all that Coward Rabble

FIRST PART, CANTO II

T' encounter us in battel able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of Wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick dump;
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle thump;
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward Room to Window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the Casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladed *Ralpho* much to see,
Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: Quoth he
Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,
A *Self-denying* Conqueror;
As high, victorious and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your self but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save *Crowderso*, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet:
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.
For one wink of your pow'rful Eye

HUDIBRAS

Must Sentence him to live or dye.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the *Churches* ;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though success did not confer
Just Title on the Conquerer ;
Though *dispensations* were not strong
Conclusions whether right or wrong ;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a mere term :
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriously detain't ;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites :
All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t'enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* still,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him ;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood :
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
'To be the Hangman's bus'ness sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour

FIRST PART, CANTO II

Of his destruction. I that am
So much below in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conque'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.
This Pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For death would then b' his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accreu,
Or honour from his death to you;
'Twere Policy, and Honor too,
To do as you resolv'd to do;
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valor much,
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
The Lawrels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes the greatest fame
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' honor can but on one side light,
As Worship did, when y'were dubb'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Prisoner of War;

HUDIBRAS

And let him fast in bonds abide,
At *Court of Justice* to be try'd :
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty ;
There may be danger in his safety ;
If any Member there dislike
His Face, or to his Beard have pike ;
Or if his death will save, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y'have pow'r to hang him when you please.
This hath been often done by some
Of our great Conqu'rors, you know whom :
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*.
For Words and Promises that yoke,
The Conqu'ror, are quickly broke,
Like *Samson's* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the *Cause*
By rules of military Laws,
And only do what they call just,
The *Cause* would quickly fall to dust.
This we among our selves may speak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the *Squire's* advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done :
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind ;
And to its former place and use
The Wooden member to reduce :
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste
And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,

FIRST PART, CANTO II

He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In triumph while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The *Squire* in state rode on before
And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore
The Trophée *Fiddle* and the *Case*,
Plac'd on his shoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himself did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his side,
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the Town th' had gone,
At further end of which there stands
An ancient Castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick:
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable,
There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With Roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie, or sit,
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Prison,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Walls of subtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th' are freed by head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd the advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which [there] stands
A Bastile built t'imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are fast enough.

HUDIBRAS

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by 'witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*,
The *Fiddle*, and its *Spoils*, the *Case*,
In manner of a Trophée place.
That done, they ope the Trap-dore-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in pensive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet :
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a *Delin*[*n*]*quent* false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged ;
While his Comrade that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in prison for't,
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

FIRST PART, CANTO III

The ARGUMENT of the Third CANTO.

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround [t]he Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Pris'ner: then they seize
Th' Inchanted Fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place.
I should have first said, Hudibras.*

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick,
This any man may sing or say
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*:
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field as certain as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;

HUDIBRAS

'Thinks h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving Day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And Register'd by Fame eternal,
In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes, to his Cost,
He did but *Count without his Host*;
And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,
Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear
From bloody fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs*, who in pursuit
Of the *Knight's* Victory stood to't,
And most ignobly sought to get
The honor of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the Coast was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half-defeated *Bear*
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior stout and Politick,
Until in spight of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:
But still their numbers so increast
He found himself at length opprest,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his Hide and Carcass at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This Resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The Enemy i'th' greatest throng.
But what could single Valor do
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much [he] did, indeed too much
To be believ'd. where th' odds was such:
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
I' th' Enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors and so stout,
As he had done, and stand it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honorable terms.
Enraged thus some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,

HUDIBRAS

And being down still laid about ;
As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick.
For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot
(But not so light as to be born
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
Or [trip] it o'er the water quicker
Than Witches when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the Martial throng ;
Where pitting the vanquish'd *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon* who stood near
Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
Shall we (quoeth she) stand still *bum drum*,
And see stout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers basely overthrown ?
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd :
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to a[t]tempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoeth he) venture a Limb
To second thee, and rescue him :
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late.
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground ;
And joining forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.
Mean while th' approach'd the place where *Bruin*

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Was now engag'd to mortal ruine :
 The conquering foe they soon assail'd ;
 First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold :
 And yet alas ! do what they could,
 The worsted *Bear* came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before.
 For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
 Was *Anabaptized* free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over but the Pagan heel,
 So did our Champion's Arms defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
 Encounter lost a Leathern parcel,
 For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
 Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
 Is half the Coyn) in Battel par'd
 Close to his head ; so *Bruin* far'd :
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th'other side,
 Like *Scrivener* newly crucify'd ;
 Or like the late-corrected Leathern
 Ears of the *circumcised Brethren*.
 But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
 He wore in's Nose, conveyed a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The Warrior to a grassie Bed,
 As Authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which Eglentine and Roses made,
 Close by a softly-murm'ring stream
 Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream,
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes.
 And w[a]nting nothing but a Song,
 And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
 Upon a Bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

HUDIBRAS

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground
 In standing fights than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the Chace,
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind;
 Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his Coward foes.
 He rag'd and kept as heavy a coyl as
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
 Forcing the Valleys to repeat
 The Accents of his sad regret.
 He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
 For loss of his dear Crony *Bear* :
 That Eccho from the hollow ground
 His doleful wailings did resound
 More wistfully by many times,
 Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,
 That make her, in their ruthless stories,
 To answer to Inter'gatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows :
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
 Art thou fled to my——Eccho, *ruin* ?
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear. (Quoth Eccho) *Marry guep*.
 Am I not here to take thy [part ?]
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart ?
 Have these Bones ratled, and this Head
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
 For thy dear sake, (Quoth she) *Mum budget*.
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
 Thou turn'dst thy back ? Quoth Eccho, *Pish*.

FIRST PART, CANTO III

To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly? Quoth *Eccho*, *Mum*.
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine Enemy?
 Or if thou hast no thought of me
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet shame and honor might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in
 His honors cause? Quoth she, a *Puddin*.
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
 Of Sorrow now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the Authors of his woe
 Should equal vengeance undergo;
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his *Bear*.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed
 To action streight, and giving o'er
 To search for *Bruin* any more,
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
 To find him out, where e'er he was:
 And if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that Crew
 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
 Honor, Revenge, Contempt, and Shame,
 Did equally their breasts enflame.
 'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
 And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
 And resolute as ever fought:
 Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile affront that paultry Ass

HUDIBRAS

And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it shall ne'er be sed,
I for the washing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of them, but loosing of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel.
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.
But if I can but find them out
That cau'sd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To *pull the Devil by the Beard*.

Quoth *Cerdon*, noble *Orsin* th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here
As well as thou hast, or thy *Bear*.
Others may do as they see good;
But if this *Twig* be made of Wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy *Bear* is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.
My self and *Trulla* made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough,
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

FIRST PART, CANTO III

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design :
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious Knight befel :
For such, *Crowdero* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow :
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his Body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blews* ;
To mollifie the uneasie pang
Of ev'ry honorable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O' th' inside of a deadlier sort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
Upon a Widows Jointure-Land,
(For he, in all his amorous battels
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*.
The shaft against a Rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain,
For that proud Dame for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft did ake
And suffer griping for her sake
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almost brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,

HUDIBRAS

That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*,
That cut his Mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard-a-hearted-one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks :
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad :
She could love none but onely such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady ;
Not love, if any lov'd her, ha day !
So Cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Onely to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back-way, like a Witches Prayer.
Mean while the *Knight* had no small task,
To compass what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like *Caitiff* vile, that for misdeed,
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way :
Until he seize upon the Cony :
Just so does he by Matrimony,
But all in vain : her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honor born.
Yet much he bore, till the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her disdain
Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Or for a while play least in sight,
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done ;
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Victory h' atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in ;
And that his valor and the honor
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her :
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o'er my foes,
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugne love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valor too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valor's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art, a Conquerer?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou had'st best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.

Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes

HUDIBRAS

As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch :
So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
To seize upon the Widow's heart ;
Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse,
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,
And had all th' avenues possest
About the place, from East to West.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' assault :
Then call'd a Council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy : and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort,
They now drew up t' attack the Fort.
When *Hudibras* about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure ;
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelare,
Did arm or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger :
That foresight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got ;
Or to his shame it might be sed,
They took him napping in his bed :
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When setting ope the Postern Gate,
To take the Field and sally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startl'd the bold *Knight*,
 Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight
 The bruises of his Bones and Flesh,
 He thought began to smart afresh:
 Till recollecting wonted Courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage.
 And thus he spoke: The Coward Foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
 As if they had out-run their fears.
 The Glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat,
 And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
 This is the same numerick Crew
 Which we so lately did subdue,
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
 When we courageously did wield
 Our Martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for Victory: and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
 Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes.
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows, they felt to day, again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home,
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,
 He call'd upon his *Mistriss* name,
 His Pistol next he cockt anew,
 And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew.
 And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
 As expert Warriors use: then ply'd
 With Iron heel his Courser's side,

HUDIBRAS

Conveying Sympathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the foe with equal rage
And speed advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handiblow.
When *Orsin* first let fly a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Aeneas on the Bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold *Squire*,
And made him some few steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his Spirits half dismay'd.
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblow:
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher:
As expert Warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight*
Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight:
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her *Goody-ship*,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon
His manly panch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his Horse.
He loos'd his weapon, and the Rein;

FIRST PART, CANTO III

But laying fast hold on the Mane
Preserv'd his seat : And as a Goose
In death contracts his Talons loose ;
So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
The tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off : and as it was
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best ;
So now he far'd, the shot let fly
At randome 'mong the Enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass Habergeon,
Who straight a *Surgeon* cry'd, a *Surgeon*.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther*, *murther*, *murther* yell.
This startled their whole Body so,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the second time the fight.)
As if the *Squire* had but fal'n on,
He had inevitably done :
But he diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his wound forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
He had with *Cerdon* been engag'd
In close encounter, which both wag'd
So desp'rately, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busie work of death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight ;
When th' heard the disaster of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
And force their sullen Rage to part
Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was ;
Each striving to confirm his party

HUDIBRAS

With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth *Ralph*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour stir
Your spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your Victory as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from so formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.
Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft:
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph's* harangue;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond:
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtal.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course: but [if] they find
We fly, and leave our Arms behind,

FIRST PART, CANTO III

For them to seize on, the dishonor
And danger too is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.
For those that run away, and fly,
Take Place at least of th' enemy.

This said. the *Squire* with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony Steed,
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their nat'ral Lord,
The active *Squire* with might and main
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
But by his weighty Bum as oft
He was pull'd back : till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike Steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
When *Orsin*, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his Horse side.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms with Courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The Enemy begins to rally :
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,

HUDIBRAS

Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reacht his Horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beast with active vau'ting.
Wrigling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right Leg over;
When *Orsin* rushing in, bestow'd
On Horse and Man so heavy a load,
The Beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run;
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or stout King *Richard* on his back:
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd and cast into a swoon.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rowse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
And found both by his Eyes and Nose,
'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with despicable Ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon thwart his Arm
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had onely left,
With which he *Cerdon's* Head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Lance attac'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten too and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:

FIRST PART, CANTO III

So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose.
Till *Orsin* charging with his Lance
At *Hudibras*, by spightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But first I'll halt awhile and breath.
As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd
Ran to relieve him with his lore
And cure the hurt he made before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed;
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
While he was busie in the care
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The subtle *Knight* straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With Forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o're
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.

HUDIBRAS

Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone ;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerors,
Have both the Field and Honor won,
The Foe is profligate and run ;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two Victories in a day ;
As I have done, that can say, 'Twice I
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*,
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to strike an after-blow.
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An Arse, for fear of being bang'd :
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras*)
We read, the Ancients held it was

FIRST PART, CANTO III

More honorable far *Servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary.
 The one we oft to day have done ;
 The other shall dispatch anon.
 And though th' art of a different Church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*.
 Then bowing down his Body, stretcht
 His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht ;
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
 She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out :
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startl'd him was got.
 But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last
 The pillage of the Prisoners,
 Which all in feat of Arms was hers :
 And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
 To succor him ; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield *Scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or dye ;
 Thy Life is mine and Liberty.
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
 I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,
 Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right :
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend [thee] back thy self awhile,
 And once more for that carcass vile
 Fight upon tick——Quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word.

HUDIBRAS

First let me rise, and take my sword;
That sword which has so oft this day
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,
Will blush with bloud ignoble stain'd,
By which no honor's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider while thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force.
For if with Conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By Law of Arms in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much [s]he priz'd his speech)
Quarter or Counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be sed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.

This said, she to her Tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.
Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to mercy
It is not fighting *Arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although the' already made him reel,
Honor, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once unto his stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Above his Head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took 'em ;
And by oblique diversion broke 'em ;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning slight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew, and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring base Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now ?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine Honor, than thy Sword.
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In basely breaking his Parole.
And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood :
Now thou hast got me for a *Tartar*,
To make m' against my will take quarter ?
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word ?
Quoth *Hudibras*, the days thine own ;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down :
My Laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :
My loss of Honor's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :
Sarcasmes may eclipse thine own,

HUDIBRAS

But cannot blur my lost renown :
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient *Hero's* were illustrious
For b'ing benigne, and not blustrous,
Against a vanquish'd foe : their swords
Were sharp and trencheant, not their words ;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,
Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the Victory ;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my Fame, than thy desert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
All that's o' th' out-side of thy Hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one straw :
The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat, or stipulate ;
What thou Command'st I must obey :
Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bears*, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Wh[e]ther thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too ?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's pound* ;
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.

FIRST PART, CANTO III

But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knight* did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the *French* we conquer'd once
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers
Port-cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Just so the proud insulting Lass
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, [y]erst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To share in th' Honor and the Prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be satisf'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden showr.
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandisht o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make their quarter good.
For she was bound by Law of Arms
To see him safe from further harms.
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast
By *Hudibras* as yet lay fast,
Where to the hard and ruthless stones
His great Heart made perpetual mones.
Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ransom, and supply his place.

HUDIBRAS

This stopt the fury and the basting
Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had atchiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The *Knight* and *Squire* first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horses,
But with their Faces to the *Arses*.
Orsin led *Hudibras's* beast,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest,
Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
All ush'ring *Trulla*, in the rear
With th' Arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed, than shows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or then the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for Battel as for Muster.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*

FIRST PART, CANTO III

No less than he that left the Fort ;
 And with an Iron Mace laid flat
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
 And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
 Him they release from durance base,
 Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Case*,
 And liberty, his thirsty rage
 With lushious vengeance to assuage.
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,
 And in the self-same *Limbo* put
 The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.
 Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow ;
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,
 And sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind
 Is *Sui juris* unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 What e'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty
 That makes Men prisoners or free ;
 But perturbations that possess
 The Mind or *Æquanimities*.
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To *Alexander* when he cry'd,
 Because h' had but one to subdue,
 As was a paultry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said
 (For ought that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob
 Because h' had ne'er another *Tub*.

HUDIBRAS

The ancient[s] make two several kinds
 Of Prowess in heroick minds,
 The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant;
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
 For both to give blows and to carry,
 In fights are equenecessary;
 But in defeats, the *Passive* stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to out-doe
 The *Active*, 'gainst a conquering foe.
 Though we with blacks and blews are suggil'd,
 Or, as the vulgar say are *cudgel'd*:
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honor by't.
 Honour's *a lease for lives to come*,
 And cannot be *extended* from
 The legal Tenant: 'tis a *Chattel*,
 Not to be forfeited in *Battel*.
 If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the *Bed of Honor* lain:
 He that is beaten may be sed
 To lie in Honor's *Truckle-bed*.
 For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when adorn'd with all his light
 He shines in Serene Sky most bright:
 So Valor in a low estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow;
 But none that see how here we sit
 Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
 As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
 A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not to draw off.
 For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with Honor have come off,
Would put it to a second proof:
A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckolds tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
When tho[u] at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is prophane,
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)
Thy *light Jump* right thou call'st *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a standard
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *legal*?
Do if thou can'st, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *light* :

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains,
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical *Bear-gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babylonish* sport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ onely in a mere word.
Both are but several *Synagogues*
Of *carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs* :
Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,
To mischief bent as far's in them lies
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,

HUDIBRAS

The one with Men, the other Beasts.
 The diff'rence is, The one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
 And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
 In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences*;
 Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake
 For *Gospel light*, and *Conscience* sake;
 Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
 Instead of *Mastive Dogs* and *Curs*;
 Then whom th' have less humanity,
 For these at *Souls* of Men will fly.
 This to the *Prophet* did appear,
 Who in a *Vision* saw a *Bear*,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of *Church-rule* in this latter Age:
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *Popes Bull*.
Bears naturally are Beasts of prey,
 That live by *Rapine*, so do they;
 What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church Censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,
 But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
 To tye poor Christians to the stake?
 And then set *Heathen Officers*,
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their Ears.
 For to prohibit and dispence,
 To find out, or to make offence:
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispose;
 To play with *Souls* at fast and lose;
 To set what *Characters* they please,
 And mulcts of sin or Godliness;
 Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order*,
 By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Murder*;
 To make *Presbytery* supreme,
 And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
Their Consciences, to turn *Saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 When *Saints* Monopolists are made.
 When *pious* frauds and *holy* shifts

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,
There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight
To cast a figure for mens *Light*;
To find in lines of Beard and Face,
The Physiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the sound and *twang* of *Nose*,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *Black Caps* underlaid with *White*,
Give certain guess at inward *Light*;
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
The *Hand[k]erchief* about the neck
(Canonical *Cravat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Institution came
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring Men*)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion
That *Grace is founded in Dominion*.
Great *Piety* consists in *Pride*;
To rule is to be *sanctifi'd*:
To domineer and to controul
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect *discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *right divine*.
Bell and the *Dragons* Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor *Knaves*) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat:

HUDIBRAS

But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Power too,
 Or else with blood and desolation,
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' Nation,
 Sure these themselves from Primitive
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
 When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
 Whose *Directory* was to *Kill*;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The onely diff'rence is, that then
 They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.
 For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
 They count a vile Abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a *Free State*,
 A *Commonwealth of Popery*,
 Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
 A *Tithe Pig Metropolitane*:
 Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
 Commands the *Keys* for Cheese and Bacon;
 And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
 By's *Holiness*, the *Church's Head*,
 More haughty and severe in's place
 Than *Gregory* and *Boniface*.
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
 With many heads: for if we conster
 What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,
 According to th' Apostles mind,
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
 Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
 Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.

Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Archbishop-secular. This Zelot
 Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind ;
 A Lawless *Linsy-woolsy Brother*,
 Half of one Order, half another ;
 A Creature of amphibious nature,
 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water,
 That always preys on Grace, or Sin ;
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce Inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over Mens Belief
 And Manners: Can pronounce a *Saint*
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts,
 Through coarsest Boulter, others *gifts*.
 For all Men live and judge amiss
 Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,
 The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
 Whose Pastors are but th' Handiwork
 Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling.
 From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,
 Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.
 So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
 They say, *does make sweet Malt*. Good *Squire*.
Festina lente, not too fast ;
 For *haste* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake.
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of *Falacies*, t' *Elenchi* back ;
 And put your Arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood.
 I'll force you by right ratiocination
 To leave your *Vitilitigation*,

HUDIBRAS

And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *Dialecticōs*.

The Question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.
If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the *same*, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
But I deny they are the *same*,
More than a *Maggot* and I am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find.
And can no more make *Bears* of these,
Than prove *my Horse is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say no:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impow'r'd
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*
Has no such pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none.
And so thy *Sophistry's* o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou did'st raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
Than *Synod-men*, I say *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: They'r better then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four Legs go,
As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two*.

FIRST PART, CANTO III

'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails* ;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails* ;
Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*
Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter* ;
Or that his *snout* and *spacious Ears*
Do hold proportion with a *Bear's*.
A *Bear's* a savage Beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelp't without form, until the Dam
Have lick't him into shape and frame ;
But all thy *light* can ne'er evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lick't* ;
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugne thy self and sense, that is,
Thou would'st have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too.
A strange *Chimæra* of Beasts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when,
And where, thou stol'st from other Men
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary shifts ;)
And is the same that *Ranter* sed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my Beard :
The self-same Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This Controversie, we fell out ;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.

HUDIBRAS

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse
Of *Humane Learning* you produce ;
Learning that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
A trade of knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat ;
An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and *Wit*,
And render both for nothing fit ;
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet ;
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other mens reason and their own ;
A Fort of Error, to ensconce
Absurdity and Ignorance ;
That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate :
For nothing goes for *Sense* or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Pagan, Heathenish* invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All blows do on the Target light :
So when Men argue, the great'st part
O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art,
Until the Fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last ;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And *contrary as black to white* ;
Mere *Disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Humane Learning* ;

FIRST PART, CANTO III

Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
To evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's stop here,
And rest our wearied bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS

Annotations TO THE FIRST PART.

That could as well bind o're as swaddle.

BInd over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliaments Army, and a Committee-man.

As *Mountaigne* playing with his Cat.

Mountaigne in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loosing his time, in playing with her.

Profoundly skill'd in *Analytique*.

Analytique is a part of *Logick* that teaches to Decline and Construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

A Babilonish Dialect.

A confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Modern *Virtuosi* use to express themselves in.

That had the *Orator*, who once,

Demosthenes, who is said to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences; and when they had refin'd them into the nicest subtleties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtler things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART

Where Truth in person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions, or Images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same state and order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Aristotle* says, *unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. l. 2.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report, that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise; Sir *Walter Rawleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to collect them; in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

By a High Dutch Interpreter.

Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove that High-Dutch was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve* being Made, and not Conceiv'd, and Form'd in the Womb, had no Navel, as some Learned Men have suppos'd, because they had no need of them.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like *Mahomet's* were Ass and Widgeon.

Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in those times.

HUDIBRAS

So Learned *Taliacotius*, &c.

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

But left the Trade, as many more,
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwel and Colonel *Pride* had been both Brewers.

That *Cæsar's* Horse, who as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Cæsar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope Humanis, & in modum Digitorum ungulis fissis.*
Sueton in *Jul. Cap.* 61.

The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds, a Tract of Land.

Dido Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as she could compass with an Oxes Hide, which she cut into small Thongs and cheated the owner of so much ground, as serv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

As the bold *Trojan* Knight seen Hell.

Æneas whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a Pass to Hell, and Tailors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.

Talisman is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to signifie *Scientia superabundans*, which his Comentator *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

As far as *Adam's* first Green Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART

And much of *Terra Incognita*
The Intelligible world could say.

The Intelligible world, is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

As Learn'd as the wild Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Cambden* in his description of *Ireland*.

In *Rosy-Crucian* Love as Learned
As he that *vere Adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians* is very like the Sect of the antient *Gnostici* who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has Commenc'd in their Fanatique extravagance.

Thou that with Ale or viler Licquors
Did'st inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Interest and [Authority] in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He Translated *Virgils Æneids* into as horrible Travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in Burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the Politick Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: but since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humor, but all men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike. And too much of so extravagant a Folly would become tedious, and impertinent, the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense exprest in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

In Bloudy Cynarctomarchy.

Cynarctomarchy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such words very great Knowledge is contained: and our Knight as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

HUDIBRAS

Or Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the weeding of Corn.

The *Indians* fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant, and Monkeys Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant, and the Monkeys Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by Monsieur *Le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worship'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to indure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

This rage in them like *Bout-feus*.

Bout-feus is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

As *Indian Brittains* are from *Penguins*.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white head a *Penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the *Brittish* Tongue: from whence (with other words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are originally deriv'd from the *Brittains*.

And though his Country-men the *Huns*.

This custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunii Semicruda cujusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi.* Pag. 686.

——He spous'd in *India*
Of Noble House a Lady gay.

This story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that married a Kings Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance, for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labor, and observed nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
To swear by *Hercules's* Name.

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus quam viris commune, &c.*

As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*.

Two formidable Women at Arms, in Romances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treason in the House of Commo[n]s; great crouds of the Rabble came down to *Westminster-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favors.

Make that Sarcasmous scandal true !

Abusive, or insulting had been better, but our Knight believ'd the Learned Languages, more convenient to understand in, then his own Mother-tongue.

And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore t' *Et cæteras*.

The Convocation in one of the short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knights Errant) made an Oath to be taken, by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical obedience; in which they enjoyn'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with *&c.*

Or the French League in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of Bloud.

The Holy League in *France*, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully Transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murthers of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation, So did the French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of Bloud.

HUDIBRAS

First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Gerdon* tail'd.

Staving and Tailing are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*, though they are us'd Metaphorically, in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

Pryn, *Bastwyck*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for three Professions of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

By him that Baited the Popes Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James's* time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Popes Bull Baited*.

Canonical Crabat of *Smec*.

Smectymnius was a Club of Parliamentary Holders-forth, The Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves exprest, in that senseless insignificant word; They wore Handkerchers about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats.

And leave your Vitiligation.

Vitiligation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible occasions: and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

HUDIBRAS.

The Second Part.

By the Author of the First.

CORRECTED & AMENDED,
With
Several Additions and Annotations.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. N. for John Martyn and Henry
Herringman, at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-
yard, and at the Anchor in the Lower
Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.

The Second PART of
HUDIBRAS.

The Argument of the first CANTO.

*The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy Expedition,
Love brings his Action on the Case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Ladies visit,
And cunningly sollicitates his sute,
Which she deferrs: yet on Parol,
Redeems him from th' Inchant'd Hole.*

CANTO I.

BUt now t'observe *Romantique* method
Let rusty Steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile,
To let our Reader breathe a while:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of *Preface*.
Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some mens fancies should ne'er change?
But make all people do, and say,
The same things still the self-same way:
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,

HUDIBRAS

And *Knights* pursuing like a Whirlwind :
 Others make all their *Knights*, in fits
 Of Jealousie, to lose their wits ;
 Till drawing blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Caprices.
 Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
 By pulling Plaisters off their Sores ;
 As Cripples do to get an Alms,
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.
 Some force whole Regions, in despight
 O' *Geography*, to change their site :
 Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after,
 But those that write in *Rhime*, still make
 The one *Verse* for the others sake :
 For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,
 I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
 We lately left the Captiv'd *Knight*,
 And pensive *Squire* both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe Custody :
 Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latine*,
 As well as basting, and *Bear-baiting* ;
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force.
 His onely Solace was, That now
 His dog-bolt Fortune was so low :
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend :
 In which he found th' event, no less,
 Than other times beside his guess ;
 There is a tall long-sided Dame,
 (But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,
 That like a thin *Camelion* Bourds
 He[r] self on Air, and eats her words :
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
 Like Hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
 And Eies, and Tongues, as Poets list,
 Made good by deep *Mythologist*.
 With these, she through the Welkin flies,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;
With Letters hung like *Eastern Pidgeons*;
And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation:
And by their publick use to bring down
The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom.
About her neck a *Pacquet-Male*,
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to bed:
Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets Eggs*,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two legs:
A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,
By six or seven Men at least.
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones.
But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not; only this can tell,
Th' one sounds vilely, th' other well.
And therefore vulgar Authors name
Th' one good, th' other Evil *Fame*.

This tatling *Gossip* knew too well,
What mischief *Hudibras* befel;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears,
Of all, to th' unkind Widows Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud
To see *Bauds* carted through the crowd,
Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump;
As she laugh'd out, until her back
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the Sight,
And visit the distressed *Knight*,
To do the Office of a Neighbor,
And be a *Gossip* at his Labor:
And from his wooden Jail the Stocks,
To set at large his Fetter-locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,

HUDIBRAS

To free him from th' Inchaned Mansion.
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
 And Usher, Implements abroad,
 Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went,
 To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him, and his stout *Squire* in the Pound;
 Both coupled in Inchaned Tether,
 By further Leg behind together:
 For as he sate upon his Rump,
 His Head like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd
 Unto his Ears on either side.
 And by him, in another hole,
 Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl;
 She came upon him in his wooden
Magicians Circle, on the sudden,
 As *Spirits* do t' a Conjurer,
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
 No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a Fever,
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To be seen by her in such a place;
 Which made him hang the head, and scowl,
 And wink and goggle like an Owl,
 He felt his Brains begin to swim,
 When thus the Dame accosted him;
 This place (quoth she) they say's Inchaned,
 And with *Deli[n]quent Spirits* haunted;
 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd;
 Look, there are two of them appear
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere:
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,
 For *Speetres*, *Apparations*, *Ghosts*
 With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and some
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
 But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

That give a wrong account of Faces ;
That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted.
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if't had lately been in Combat ;
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
To take kind notice of his *Beard*,
And speak with such respect and honor,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke ; *Lady*, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right :
The *Beard's* th' Identique *Beard* you knew,
The same numerically true :
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himself.

Oh Heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?
I do begin to fear 'tis you :
Not by your Individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Discourse ;
That never spoke to Man or Beast,
In notions vulgarly exprest.

But what malignant Star, alas,
Has brought you both to this sad pass ?

Quoth he, the fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*,
By you, in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd,
For being honorably maim'd ;
If he that is in battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*.
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd
And cut square by the *Russian* Standerd.
A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,

HUDIBRAS

That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That Petticoat about your Shoulders,
Does not so well become a Soldiers,
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i'th' reer, your *Beard* the Van led.
And those uneasie bruises make
My heart for company to ake,
To see so worshipful a friend
I'th' Pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learn'd *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain,
As other gross *Phænomena*'s,
In which it oft mistakes the Case.
But since th' immortal Intellect
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows :
It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
Whether we pain or not endure :
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion streight.
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt nor contusion nor discretion.
A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,
That *Mice*, (as Histories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Postique parts, without his feeling ;
Then how is't possible a kick,
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?
Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted, to feel pain ;
Because the *Pangs* his bones endure,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

Contribute nothing to the Cure :
 Yet *Honor* hurt, is wont to rage
 With *Pain* no Med'cine can assuage.
 Quoth he, That *Honor's* very squeemish
 That takes a basting for a blemish :
 For what's more honorable than *scars*,
 Or skin to tatters rent in *Wars* ?
 Some have been beaten till they know
 What *Wood* a *Cudgel's* of by th' blow ;
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
 A *Shooe* be *Spanish* or *Neats-Leather* :
 And yet have met, after long running,
 With some whom they have taught that cunning,
 The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
 I' th' end does prove th' nearest home ;
 By *Laws* of Learned *Duellists*,
 They that are bruised with *Wood*, or *Fists*,
 And think one beating may for once
 Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultrons* :
 But if they dare engage t' a second,
 They're *stout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.
 Th' old *Romans*, freedom did bestow ;
 Our *Princes* worship, with a blow :
 King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetick
 And testy *Courtiers* with a kick.
 The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*,
 Or *Potentate's* to be restor'd
 And Pardon'd for some great offence
 With which he's willing to dispence :
 First has him laid upon his *Belly*,
 Then beaten *back*, and *side*, t' a *Jelly*,
 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
 And gives thanks for the gracious blows ;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting,
 Of his magnificent *Rib-roasting*.
 The beaten *Soldier*, proves most manful,
 That like his *Sword*, endures the Anvile :
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his *Valor's* malleable.
 But he that fears a *Bastinado*,

HUDIBRAS

Will run away from his own shadow.
 And though I'm now in *durance* fast,
 By our own *Party* basely cast,
Ransome, Exchange, Parole, refus'd,
 And worse than by th' *Enemy* us'd;
 In close *Catasta* shut, past hope
 Of *Wit*, or *Valor*, to elope.
 As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
 To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend:
 And *Cannons* shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their Breeches:
 I'll make this low dejected *fate*
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y've almost made m' in Love
 With that which did my pity move:
 Great *Wits*, and *Valors*, like great *States*,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
 The extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
 Like *East* and *West*, become the same:
 No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
 More follow'rs than a 'Thief to th' *Gallows*.
 But if a *beating* seem so brave,
 What *Glories* must a *whipping* have?
 Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail,
 To cast Salt on a *Womans Tail*,
 For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*
 Of *Passive Courage*, were so Gallant;
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow *amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his *Beard*:
 Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,
Wines work, when *Vines* are in the flower;
 This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the *Question*.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
 Shall be to all the world made out,
 How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*,
 And *Magnanimity*, I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

I'll stake my *self* down against you :
 And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
 Be you the *Winner*, and take both.
 Quoth she, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
 Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers.
 And though I prais'd your *Valor*, yet
 I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*,
 Which if you have, you must needs know
 What, I have told you before now,
 And you b' experiment have prov'd,
 I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
 Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch* ;
 So Cheats to play with those still aim,
 That do not understand the Game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
 As Fire in antique *Roman-Urns*,
 To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
 Those only, that see nothing by't.
 Have you not power to *entertain*,
 And render *Love* for *Love* again ?
 As *no man* can draw in his *breath*,
 At once, and force out Air beneath ?
 Or do you love your self so much,
 To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch ?
 What *Fate* can lay a greater Curse,
 Than you upon your self would force ;
 For *Wedlock* without *love*, some say,
 Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
 It is a kind of *Rape* to *Marry*
 One, that neglects, or cares not for ye :
 For, what does make it *Ravishment*,
 But b'ing against the *Mind's Consent* ?
 A *Rape*, that is the more inhumane,
 For being acted by a *Woman*,
 Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
 To *love* you, that you may despise us ?
 But though you cannot *love*, you say,
 Out of your own *Fanatique* way,
 Why should you not, at least, allow,

HUDIBRAS

Those that *love* you, to do so too :

For, as you fly me, and pursue

Love more averse, so I do you :

And am by your own *Doctrin*e taught,

To practise what you call a *fault*.

Quoth she, If what you say be true,

You must fly me, as I do you,

But 'tis not what we do, but say,

In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway.

Quoth he, to bid me not to *love*,

Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,

My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,

Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup :

Command me to piss out the Moon,

And 'twill as easily be done.

Loves power's too great to be withstood

By feeble humane [*f*lesh and blood.

'Twas he, that brought upon his knees

The *Heel'*ring Kill-Cow *Hercules* ;

Reduc'd his *Leager-lions* skins

T' a *Petticoat*, and made him spin :

Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle

T' a feeble *Distaff*, and a *Spindle*.

'Twas he made *Emperors* Gallants

To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts* ;

Set *Popes*, and *Cardinals* agog

To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog ;

'Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,

And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burgess* ;

Made those that represent the *Nation*

Submit, and suffer *amputation* :

And all the *Grande*es o' th' *Cabal*,

Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *spring* and *fall*.

He mounted *Synod-men* and rode 'em

To *Durty-lane*, and little *Sodom* ;

Made 'em *Corvett*, like Spanish *Jenets*,

And take the *Ring* at *Madam*——

'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do

More than the Devil could tempt him [to] ;

In cold and frosty weather grow

SECOND PART, CANTO I

Enamor'd of a Wife of *Snow* ;
 And though she were of rigid temper,
 With melting *flames* accost and tempt her :
 Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
 He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, if *Love* have these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our *Sex* ?
 Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
 For *Diabolical* and *wicked* ?

And song, as out of tune, against,
 As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints ?
 I find, I've greater reason for it,
 Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects
 Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects
 Of *Love's* great pow'r, which he returns
 Upon your selves with equal scorns ;
 And those who worthy *Love*[rs] slight,
 Plague's with prepost'rous appetite ;
 This made the beautiful *Queen* of *Crete*
 To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet* ;
 And from her greatness stoop so low,
 To be the Rival of a Cow.
 Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,
 To be *Baboons*, and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
 Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow
 By's Representative a *Negro*,
 'Twas this made *Vestal*-Maids love-sick,
 And venture to be bury'd Quick.
 Some by their *Fathers* and their *Brothers*,
 To be made *Mistrisses*, and *Mothers* :
 'Tis this that Proudest *Dames* enamors
 On Lacquies, and *Varlets des-Chambres*
 Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to Dirty *Grooms*,
 To slight the *World*, and to disparage
Claps, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth she, these Judgements are severe,
 Yet such, as I should rather bear,
 Than trust men with their *Oaths*, or prove

HUDIBRAS

Their *faith*, and *secresie* in *love*.
 Says he, There is as weighty reason,
 For *Secresie* in *Love* as *Treason*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
 That at the *Windore-eie* does steal in
 To rob the *Heart*, and with his prey
 Steals out again a closer way,
 Which whosoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles,
 In *Men*, as nat'rally as in *Char-coals*,
 Which sooty *Chymists* stop in holes,
 When out of Wood, they extract Coles;
 So *Lovers*, should their *Passions* choak,
 That though they burn, they may not smoak.
 'Tis like that sturdy *Thief* that stole,
 And drag'd Beasts backwards, into's hole:
 So *Love* does *Lovers*; and us *Men*
 Draws by the Tails into his Den;
 That no *impression* may discover,
 And trace t' his *Cave*, the wary *Lover*.
 But if you doubt I should reveal
 What you entrust me under Seal,
 I'll prove my self as close and virtuous,
 As, your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
 In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-Passions are like *Parables*,
 By which men still mean something else:
 Though *Love* be all the worlds pretence,
 Mony's the *Mythologic* fence,
 The real substance of the shadow,
 Which all Address and Courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your *Play*,
 And how to quit you your own way;
 He that will win his *Dame*, must do,
 As *Love* do's, when he bends his *Bow*:
 With the one hand thrust the *Lady* from,
 And with the other pull *her* home.
 I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great

SECOND PART, CANTO I

Provocative, to am'rous heat ;
 It is all *Philters*, and high Diet
 That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out :
 'Tis *Beauty* always in the Flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
 'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*,
 At their own weapons are out-done ;
 That makes *Knights Errant* fall in trances,
 And lay about 'em in *Romances*.
 'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all
 That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call.
 For what is *Worth* in any thing,
 But so much *Money* as 'twill bring ?
 Or what but *Riches* is there known,
 Which man can solely call his own ;
 In which, no Creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh* ?
 I do confess, with *Goods* and *Land*,
 I'd have a Wife, at second hand ;
 And such you are : Nor is't your person,
 My stomach's set so *sharp*, and *fierce* on,
 But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
 That my enamor'd heart bewitches ;
 Let me your *fortune* but possess,
 And settle your person how you please :
 Or make it o'er in trust to th' *Devil*,
 You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false *Mock-Passion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,
 Or any feat of *qualm* or *sowning*,
 But *hanging* of your self, or *drowning* ;
 Your onely way with me, to *break*
 Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck :
 For as when *Merchants* break, o'erthrown
 Like *Nine-Pins*, they strike others down ;
 So, that would break my *heart*, which done,
 My tempting *fortune* is your own.
 These are but trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
 Will damn himself, over and over,
 And greater matters undertake,

HUDIBRAS

For a less worthy *Mistriss* sake :
Yet th' are the onely ways to prove
The unfeign'd *realities* of *Love* ;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The *Devils* in him if he feigns.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this way's too rough,
For mere *experiment*, and *proof* ;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing in th' Air, or plunge in Water,
And like a Water-witch, try *love*.
That's to destroy, and not to prove :
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected :
Your better way is to make over,
In *Trust*, your fortune to your *Lover* ;
Trust is a *Tryal*, if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a *Neck* :
Beside, th' *experiment's* more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune ;
The Soldier do's it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay :
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in Cheating Fools :
And Merchants vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns for gain.
This is the way I advise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
My self all th' hazard, and you none.
Which must be done, unless some *deed*
Of yours, aforesaid do precede ;
Give but your self one gentle *swing*,
For tryal, and I'll cut the *string* :
Or give that Reverend *Head*, a maul,
Or two, or three, against a Wall ;
To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage my self, to *settle*.

Quoth he, my *Head's* not made of *brass*,
As Frier *Bacon's* noddle was :
Nor (like the *Indian's* scull) so tough,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

That *Authors* say, 'twas *Musket-proof* :
 As it had need to be to enter,
 As yet, on any new *Adventure* ;
 You see what *bangs* it has endur'd,
 That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd :
 But if that's all you stand upon ;
 Here, strike me *luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose, *Two words t' a Bargain*,
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given down-right proof :
 And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* pike,
 I have to *love*, nor coy *dislike* ;
 'Tis no implicate, nice *Aversion*
 T' your *Conversation*, *Meen*, or *Person* :
 But a just fear, lest you should prove,
 False, and perfidious in *Love* ;
 For if I thought you could be *true*,
 I could *love* twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*
 As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain ;
 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
 Or Oracle from heart of Oak.
 And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly,
 With that one, and that other *Pigsny*,
 The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,
 Than *Love*, or you, shake off my heart.
 The *Sun* that shall no more dispence
 His own, but *your* bright influence ;
 I'll carve your name on *Barks of Trees*,
 With *True-loves knots*, and *Flourishes* ;
 That shall infuse eternal *spring*,
 And everlasting flourishing :
 Drink every Letter on't, in *Stum* ;
 And make it brisk *Champaign* become ;
 Where e'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The *Primrose* and the *Violet* ;
 All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and sweet *Powders*,

HUDIBRAS

Shall borrow from your breath their *Odors* ;
Nature her *Charter* shall renew,
And take all *lives* of things from you ;
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our *loves* shall still survive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live ;
And, like to *Heralds* Moons, remain
All *Crescents*, without *change* or *wane*.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss ;
For you will find it a hard *Chapter*,
To catch me with *Poetique Rapture*,
In which your *Mastery of Art*
Doth shew it self and not your *Heart* ;
Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,
By dint of high *Heroick* fustion :
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean,
No more than that on which they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian Spices* strive
To embalm her cruelly alive ;
Or *season* her, as *French Cooks* use
Their *Haut-gusts*, *Buollies*, or *Ragusts* ;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her mouth ;
Her mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with
A row of *Pearl* in't, stead of *Teeth* ;
Others, make *Posies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red*, and *whitest* colors mix ;
In which the *Lily*, and the *Rose*
For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse* goes.
The *Sun*, and *Moon*, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darkn'd in the *Skies* ;
Are but *Black-patches* that she wears,
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*,
By which *Astrologers*, as well

SECOND PART, CANTO I

As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell
 What strange Events they do foreshow
 Unto her Under-world below.
 Her Voice the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,
 So loud it deafens mortal ears;
 As wise *Philosophers* have thought,
 And that's the cause we hear it not.
 This has been done by some, who those
 Th' ador'd in *Rhime*, would kick in *Prose*;
 And in those *Ribbins* would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung.
 That have the hard *fate*, to write best
 Of those still that deserve it least;
 It matters not, how *false*, or *forc'd*,
 So the *best* things be said o' th' *worst*;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis sed,
 Onely the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,
 Whether it be *Swan* or *Goose*
 They level at: So *Shepherds* use
 To set the same *mark* on the *hip*
 Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*.
 For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
 Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*,
 The *mark*, which else they ne'er come nigh,
 But when they take their aim *awry*.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t' attaque me with your *Muse*,
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With *Fulhams* of *Poetic fiction*:
 I rather hop'd, I should no more
 Hear from you, o' th' *Gallanting* score:
 For hard *dry-bastings* use to prove
 The readiest Remedies of *Love*,
 Next a *dry-diet*; But if those fail,
 Yet this uneasie Loop-hold *Fail*
 In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *fet-lock*,
 Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*:
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
 If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;
 T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog

HUDIBRAS

Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r clog.
Nor rather thank your gentle *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has freed you from those *knobs*, that grow
Much harder, on the Marry'd *Brow* :
But if no dread can cool your *Courage*,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage ;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims, your *Puissance* :
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The fairest *mark* is easiest hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand
In that already, with your command :
For where does *Beauty*, and high *Wit*,
But in your *Constellation*, meet ?

Quoth she, What does a Match imply,
But *likeness* and *equality* ?

I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th' *Yoke-fellow* of your *Wit* :
Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,
To be the *Partner* of your *Parts* ;
A *Grace*, which if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That *Conscience*, Quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd ; I'll state the *Case*.
A man may be a *Legal Donor*
Of any thing whereof he's *Owner* ;
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' Judgment of all *Casuists* :
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valor* may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are *Prop[r]ietors* ;
As I may give or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you ;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away, or sell ?
Buyers you know are bid beware ;
And worse than Thieves *Receivers* are.
How shall I answer *Hue* and *Cry*,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

For a *Roan-Gelding*, twelve hands high :
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,
 A *sorrel-mane*? can I bring proof,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' are sold for,
 And in the open *Market* toll'd for?
 Or should I take you for a stray,
 You must be kept a year and day
 (Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found :
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
 T' *enervate* this *Objection*,
 And prove my self, by *Topic* clear,
 No *Gelding*, as you would infer.
 Loss of *Virilit*[y's] averr'd
 To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,
 That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)
 Abortive on the Chin become.
 This first a *Woman* did invent,
 In envy of *Mans* ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
 Who first of all cut men o' th' *Stone* :
 To mar their *Beards*, and laid foundation
 Of *Sow-gelding* operation.
 Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether,
Eunuchs [wear] such, or *Geldings* either.
 Next it appears, I am no *Horse*,
 That I can argue, and discourse,
 Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;
 For some *Philosophers* of late here,
 Write, Men have four legs by *Nature*,
 And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go
 Erroneously upon but two ;
 As 'twas in *Germany* made good,
 B' a Boy, that lost himself in a *Wood* ;
 And growing down t' a man, was wont
 With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from *tayls*,

HUDIBRAS

We cannot say, they 'are true or false,
Till you explain your self, and show,
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue ont't,
I'll give you satisfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my *Spouse*.

That never will be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a *Tayl*, by me:
For *Tayls* by Natures sure were meant,
As well as *Beards*, for ornament:
And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *man* or *beast*, they are so comely,
So *Gentee*, *Allamode*, and handsom,
I'll never marry *man* that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain
You have one equal to your *Mane*,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horse*,
Ere I'll take you *for better or worse*.
The Prince of *Cambay's* daily food,
Is *Aspe*, *Basilisque*, and *Toad*,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's *Arms*,
Than yours, on any other *tearms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I shall produce upon my word;
And if she ever gave that *boon*
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *postulate Illation*,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel,
And for the sufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor Entertainer *quarter*;
And by *Discharge*, or *Main-prise* grant
Delivery from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your *Leg*

SECOND PART, CANTO I

Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,
 And if I knew which way to do't,
 (Your *Honor* safe) I'd let you out.
 That *Dames* by *fail-delivery*
 Of *Errant Knights* have been set free,
 When by *Enchantment* they have been,
 And sometimes for it too, laid in;
 Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
 By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honor* too:
 For what are they *renown'd* and *famous* else
 But aiding of distress'd *Damosels*?
 But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*,
 To free a *Knight*, we have no w[a]rrant
 In any *Authenticall Romance*,
 Or *Classic Author* yet of *France*:
 And I'd be loath to have you break
 An ancient *Custom* for a freak,
 Or *Innovation* introduce
 In place of things of *antique* use;
 To free your heels by any course,
 That might b' unwholesome to your *Spurs*:
 Which if I should consent unto,
 It is not in my power to do;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye,
 With solemn previous Ceremony.
 Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The *Charms* of those who here do lie;
 For as the *Ancients* heretofore
 To *Honor's Temple* had no dore,
 But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay;
 So, from this *Dungeon*, there's no way
 To *honour'd freedom*, but by passing
 That other *Virtuous School* of *Lashing*,
 Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,
 In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
 And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance*:
Whipping, that's *Virtues* Governess,
Tutress of *Arts* and *Sciences*;
 That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,

HUDIBRAS

And puts new life into dull matter ;
 That lays foundation for *Renown*,
 And all the *honors* of the *Gown* :
 Thus suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And *freed* with honor'ble discharge :
 Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*,
 Are straight presented with *Credentials*,
 And in their way attended on
 By *Magistrates* of every *Town* ;
 And all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
 Now if you'll venture for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your *back*,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a *Whipping* on,
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigor do't)
 I here engage to be your *Bail*,
 And free you from th' *Unknightly Jail*.
 But since our *Sex's* modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
 And *honor* too, when you have don't ;
 And I'll admit you to the place,
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
 By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too ?
 What med'cine else can cure the *fits*
 Of *Lovers* when they lose their *Wits* ?
Love is a *Boy*, by *Poets* styl'd,
 Then *Spare the Rod*, and *spill the Child*.
 A *Persian* Emp'ror whipp'd his *Grannum*
 The *Sea*, his Mother *Venus* came on ;
 And hence some Rev'rend men approve
 Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.
 As skilful *Coopers* hoop their *Tubs*
 With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* *Dubs* ;
 Why may not *Whipping* have as good
 A *Grace*, perform'd in *Time* and *Mood* ;
 With comely movement, and by *Art*,

SECOND PART, CANTO I

Raise Passion in a *Lady's* heart ?
 It is an easier way, to make
Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,
 Than swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribbin* ?
 Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
 And spell Names over, with *Beer-glasses* ?
 Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Loves Sacrifice, and all a *lie* ?
 With *China-Oranges* and *Tarts*,
 And whining *Plays*, lay baits for Hearts ?
 Bribe *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*,
 To break no Roguish *jeasts* upon ye ;
 For Lilies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,
 With painted perfumes, hazard *Noses* ?
 Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do Penance in a *Paper Lanthorn* ?
 All this you may compound for, now
 By suff'ring what I offer you :
 Which is no more than has been done,
 By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago :
 Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so,
 For the *Infanta Del Taboso* ?
 Did not th' Illustrious *Bassa* make
 Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake ?
 And with Bulls Pizle, for her *love*,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove* ?
 Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool
 His flame from *Biancafiore*) to School,
 Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* Bum
 For her sake suffer *Martyrdom* ?
 Did not a certain *Lady* whip,
 Of late, her Husband's own Lordship ?
 And though a Grandee of the *House*,
 Clawd him with *Fundamental* blows,
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,
 And firk'd his hide as if sh' had rid post ;
 And after in the *Sessions-Court*,
 Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had *honor* for't ?
 This *swear* you will perform, and then

HUDIBRAS

I'll set you from th' Inchar'd *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never see you *mine*.

Amen (quoth she) Then turn'd about,
And bid her *Squire* let him out.

But ere an *Artist* could be found
T' undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (some write) by *Ladies* eyes.
The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious Veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre, and her shade)
And in the Night as freely shon,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkness is the proper Sphere,
Where all false Glories use t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it best t' adjorn
His *Whipping*-penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of such *importance*, in the Dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't i' th' open face of *Day*;
And in the mean time, go in quest
Of next *Retreat* to take his Rest.

CANTO II.

THE
ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out;
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They 're sent away in nasty pickle.*

'TIs strange how some men's Tempers suit
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandee*) with Dispute,
That for their own *Opinions* stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast.
That kept their *Consciences* in Cases,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for *Argument*.
Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,
Of no use but to be discust.
Dispute and set a *Paradox*,
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
So th' antient *Stoicks* in their Porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their Brains in fight and study,

HUDIBRAS

To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*,
 That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
 Made good with stout *Polemique* Braul:
 In which, some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face
 Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
 To maintain what their *Seēt* averr'd.
 All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the *sequel* shall be shown.
 The Sun had long since in the Lap
 Of *Thetis*, taken out his *Nap*,
 And like a *Lobster* boyl'd, the *Morn*
 From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
 Began to rouse his drousie eyes,
 And from his Couch prepar'd to rise;
 Resolving to dispatch the Deed
 He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
 But first, with knocking loud and bauling,
 He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
 And, after many Circumstances,
 Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*,
 Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,
 To make impertinent Description;
 They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,
 And to the *Castle* bent their Course,
 In which he to the *Dame* before
 To suffer *whipping* Duty swore:
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharrest,
 To carry on the work in earnest,
 He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new Scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd and after sed;
 Whether it be direct *infringing*
 An *Oath*, if I should wave this *swinging*,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

And so b' *Equivocation* swear ;
 Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*,
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtle *points*, which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discust,
 In which to *err* a little, may
 To *errors* infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy *Judgment*, ere we farther go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, since you do injoin't
 I shall enlarge upon the *Point*.
 And for my own part do not doubt
 Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
 But first to state the *Case* aright,
 For best advantage of our light :
 And thus 'tis : Whether 't be [a] *Sin*,
 To *claw* and *curry* your own *skin*
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, o' th' first : The *Inward Man*,
 And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
 Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
 And one another Clapper-clawing :
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a *Spiritual Mistique* sence,
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
 In literal fray, 's abhorrible ;
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use,
 With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
 To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewels* :
 Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
 And mungrel *Christians* of our times,
 That expiate less with greater *Crimes*,
 And call the foul *Abomination*,
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
 Is't not enough w're bruis'd and kicked,
 With sinful members of the wicked ;
 Our Vessels, that are *sanctifi'd*,
Profan'd and *curri'd*, back and side ;
 But we must claw our selves, with shameful,

HUDIBRAS

And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is *impious* because they did it.
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A *heinous* sin. Now to the second,
 That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*
 To *swear* and *forswear* on occasion;
 I doubt not, but it will appear,
 With pregnant light. The *point* is clear.
Oaths are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,
 Too feeble implements to *bind*;
 And hold with *deeds* proportion, so
 As *shadows* to a *substance* do.
 Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit
 The *weaker Vessel* should submit:
 Although your *Church* be opposite
 To ours, as *Black Friars* are to *White*,
 In *Rule* and *Order*: Yet I grant
 You are a *Reformado Saint*;
 And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
 You may pretend a *Title* to:
 But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
 Know little of their *Priviledge*;
 Farther (I mean) than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own,
 For if the *Dev'l*, to serve his turn,
 Can tell *Truth*; why the *Saints* should scorn
 When it serves theirs, to *swear*, and *lie*,
 I think, there's little reason why:
 Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
 Which 'twere impiety to say.
 W' are not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to *swear*.
 But to *swear* idly; and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain.
 For, breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
 Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
 A *Saint-like* virtue, and from hence,
 Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:
 Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :
 And this, the constant *Rule* and *Præitise*
 Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is,
 Was not the *Cause* at first begun
 With *Perjury*, and carry'd on ?
 Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
 But, in due time and place, they broke ?
 Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,
 Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter *models*, for
 The present use of *Church* and *War* ?
 Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
 Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows* ?
 For having freed us, first, from both
 Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremacy Oath* ;
 Did they not, next, compell the *Nation*,
 To take, and break the *Protestation* ?
 To *swear*, and after to *recant*
 The *Solemn League and Covenant* ?
 To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it ?
 Did they not swear at first, to *fight*
 For the *KING's Safety*, and His *Right* ?
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Foot* ?
 And yet still had the confidence,
 To swear it was in his *defence* ?
 Did they not *swear* to *live* and *die*
 With *Essex*, and streight laid him by ?
 If that were all, for some have *swore*
 As false as they, if th' did no more.
 Did they not *swear* to maintain *Law*,
 In which that *swearing* made a *Flaw* ?
 For *Protestant Religion Vow*,
 That did that *Vowing* disallow ?
 For *Priviledge* of *Parliament*,
 In which that *swearing* made a *Rent* ?
 And, since, of all the *three*, not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not *swear*, in express words ;

HUDIBRAS

To prop and back the *House of Lords*?
 And after turn'd out the whole *House-ful*
 Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?
 So *Cromwel* with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
 Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *House*,
 Vow'd that the *Red-coats* would disband,
 I marry would they at their Command.
 And troul'd'em on, and *swore*, and *swore*,
 Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*;
 This tells us plainly, what they thought,
 That *Oaths* and *swearing* goes for nought.
 And that by them th' were onely meant,
 To serve for an *Expedient*.

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
 But to slur men of what they fought for?
 The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should *Private Faith* have such a tye?

Oaths were not purpos'd more than *Law*,
 To keep the *Good* and *Just* in aw,
 But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
 Like Moral Cattle in a *Pinfold*.

A *Saint's* of th' heavenly Realm a *Peer*:
 And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,
 But on the *Gospel* of his *Honor*,
 Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;
 It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,
 And false, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,
 But a mere *Ceremony*, and a breach
 Of nothing, but a form of speech,
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 Than mere *saluting* of the *Book*.

Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,
 They 're but *Commissions* of Course,
 And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
 And vary from 'em as they please;
 Or misinterpret them, by *private*
Instructions, to all *Aims* they drive at,
 Then why should we our selves *abridge*

SECOND PART, CANTO II

And *Curtail* our own *Priviledge* ?
Quakers (that like to *Lanthorns*, bear
 Their light within 'em) will not *swear*.
 Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,
 By which they construe *Conscience*,
 And hold no *sin* so deeply *red*,
 As that of breaking *Priscian's* head ;
 (The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
 That stirring *Hats* held worse than murder)
 These thinking th' are obliged to *Troth*
 In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath* ;
 Like *Mules*, who if th' have not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still ;
 But they are weak, and little know
 What *Free-born Consciences* may do,
 'Tis the *temptation* of the *Devil*,
 That makes all humane actions evil :
 For *Saints* may do the same things by
 The *Spirit*, in *Syncerity*,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the *Devils* instance do ;
 And yet the *Actions* be contrary,
 Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.
 For as on land there is no *Beast*,
 But in some *Fish* at *Sea's* exprest ;
 So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
 Of which the *Saints* have not a spice ;
 And yet that thing that's *pious* in
 The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.
 Is't not *Ridiculous*, and *Nonsense*,
 A *Saint* should be a slave to *Conscience* ?
 That ought to be above such *Fancies*,
 As far, as above *Ordinances*,
 She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,
 B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress*,
 And though, like *Constables*, we search
 For false *Wares*, one anothers *Church* :
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No *Faith* is to the *wicked* due ;
 For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,

HUDIBRAS

Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
 Those *Mysteries* and *Revelations*;
 And therefore *Topical* Evasions
 Of subtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of sence,
 Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
 Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,
 And *Presbyterians*, for excuse,
 Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen
 To find their *Churches* taken napping.
 As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*.
 And either way admits a *scruple*,
 And may be *ex parte* of the *Maker*,
 More criminal, than the injur'd *Taker*.
 For he that strains too far a *Vow*,
 Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
 Not he that for convenience took it:
 A broken *Oath* is, *quatenus Oath*,
 As sound t' all purposes of *Troth*,
 As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
 Nay till th' are broken, have no force,
 What's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,
 That never comes within their *Claws*?
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
 Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
 Until they 're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make them such.
 Beside, no *Engagement* is allow'd,
 By men in *Prison* made, for *Good*;
 For when they 're set at *liberty*,
 They 're from th' *Engagement* too, set free:
 The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
 Did make to *God*, or *Man*, a *Vow*,
 Which afterward he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
 Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*,
 Might free him from the *Obligation*:
 And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

A greater *Priviledge* than three *Jews*?
 The *Court of Cons[c]ience*, which in *Man*
 Should be *supream* and *Sovereign*:
 Is't fit, should be *subordinate*,
 To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' *State*,
 And have less *Pōwer* than the *lesser*,
 To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure?
 Have it's proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex Officio*?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*.
 Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,
Priests, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nusance*;
 Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
 And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half full.
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
 To help it self at a dead lift?
 Why should not *Conscience* have *Vacation*
 As well as other Courts o' th' *Nation*?
 Have equal power to adjourn
 Appoint *Appearance* and *Retorn*?
 And make as nice distinctions serve
 To split a *Case*; as those that carve
 Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
 Is not the *High-Court of Justice* sworn
 To judge that *Law* that serves their *turn*?
 Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the *Learned Council* there,
 Make *Laws* in any shape appear?
 Mould 'em as *Witches* do their *Clay*,
 When they make *Pictures* to destroy?
 And vex 'em into any form,
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of *Treason*, whom they please.
 And most perfidiously condemn,

HUDIBRAS

Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*!
 Can they not juggle, and, with slight
 Conveyance, play with *wrong* and *right*;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
 As *Lapland* Witches botl'd *Air*?
 Will not *Fear*, *Favor*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*,
 The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge;
 As Seamen with the self-same *Gale*
 Will sev'ral different courses sail;
 As when the Sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds;
 Those *Banks* and *Dams*, that like a *Screen*,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:
 So when *Tyrannical Usurpation*
 Invades the freedom of a *Nation*,
 The Laws o' th' Land that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it.
 Do's not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry man *swear*,
 What makes best for him in his Answer?
 Is not the winding up *Witnesses*,
 And nicking more than half the bus'ness?
 For *Witnesses*, like *Watches*, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow.
 And where in *Conscience*, th' are strait lac'd;
 'Tis ten to one, that side is cast.
 Do not your *Furies* give their *Verdict*?
 As if they felt the *Cause* not heard it?
 And as they please make *Matter of Faët*
 Run all on one side, as th' are packt?
 Nature has made Mans breast no *Windores*,
 To publish what he does within doors;
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blob it.
 If *Oaths* can do a man no good,
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd
 In other matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't.
 He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

Not he, that for convenience takes it :
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an *Oath* he never made ?
 These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly
 To th' *Wicked*, though they evince the *Godly* ;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My *Honor*, I am ne'er the near.
Honor is like that glassy Bubble
 That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
 And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honor's but a Word,
 To swear by only, in a *Lord* :
 In other men 'tis but a Huff,
 To vapour with, instead of proof,
 That like a *Wen*, looks big, and swels,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
 It has the *World's* opinion still.
 But as Men are not *Wise* that run
 The slightest *hazard*, they may shun :
 There may a *Medium* be found out
 To clear to all the *World* the doubt ;
 And that is, if a man may do't
 By *Proxy* whipt, or Substitute.

Though nice, and dark the *Point* appear,
 (Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.
 That *Sinners* may supply the place
 Of suff'ring *Saints* is a plain *Case*.
Justice gives *Sentence*, many times,
 On one man for another's *Crimes*,
 Our Brethren of *New-England* use
 Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,
 And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,
 Of whom the *Churches* have less need.
 As lately 't happen'd : in a Town,
 There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
 That out of *Doctrin*e could cut *Use*,
 And mend mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*,
 This precious *Brother* having slain,

HUDIBRAS

In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,
 (Not out of *Malice* but mere *Zeal*
 Because he was an *Infidel*)
 The mighty *Tottipotymoy*
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*,
 Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
 Against the *Articles* in force
 Between both *Churches*, his and ours :
 For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender* :
 But they maturely having weigh'd,
 They had no more but him o' th' *Trade*,
 (A man, that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *Teach*, and *Cobble*)
 Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do
 The *Indian Hoghan Moghan* too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
 And in your room another *whip'd* :
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, Quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,
 And canst in *Conscience*, not refuse,
 From thy own *Doctrine*, to raise *Use* :
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
 Be tender-Conscienc'd of thy back :
 Then strip thee of thy Carnal *Ferkin*,
 And give thy *outward-fellow* a ferking.
 For when thy *Vessel*, is new *hoop'd*,
 All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter,
 For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
 No man includes himself, nor turns
 The *Point* upon his own Concerns.
 As no man of his own self catches
 The *Itch*, or amorous *French aches* :
 So no man does himself convince

SECOND PART, CANTO II

By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*.
 And though all cry down *Self*, none means
 His own self in a *literal Sense*.
 Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,
 But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,
 For one man, out of his own Skin,
 To frisk and whip another's *Sin*:
 As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches,
 Do claw and curry their own Itches.
 But in this Case it is profane,
 And sinful too, because in vain:
 For we must take our *Oaths* upon it,
 You did the *deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon;
 Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
 'Twere properer that I whip'd you:
 For when with your consent 'tis done,
 The *Aet* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
 (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
 Or, like the Stars, incline men to,
 What they're averse themselves to do,
 For when *Disputes* are wear'd out,
 'Tis *Interest* still resolves the doubt.
 But since no reason can confute ye,
 I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
 For so it is, how e'er you mince it,
 As ere we part I shall evince it;
 And *curry* (if you stand out) whether
 You will or no, your *stubborn Leather*.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,
 I' [th'] publick *Work*, base as thou art?
 To higgie thus, for a few blows,
 To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Spouse*?
 Whose *wealth* his *bowels* yern to purchase,
 Merely for th' *Interest* of the *Churches*;
 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*;
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,

HUDIBRAS

If thou dispatch it without grudging :
If not, resolve before we go,
That you and I must pull a Crow.
Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Antients*
Say wisely, *Have a care o' th' main chance,*
And look before you ere you leap;
For, as you sow, you are like to reap.
And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
I shall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*
In a just *Quarrel*; and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of *Honor*,
To whip the *Saints* like Bishop *Bonner*,
A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadles* Office,
For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophies* :
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the *Churches*, which may chance
From hence, to spring a variance;
And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We still have worsted all your holy *Tricks*,
Trappan'd your party with *Intregue*,
And took your *Grandeets* down a peg,
New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*
All that to *Legion S M E C* adher'd,
Made a mere *Utensil* o' your *Church*
And after left it in the lurch,
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with't, pull'd it down.
O'er-reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*
And snap'd their *Cannons* with a *Why-not*.
(Grave *Synod-men* that were rever'd
For solid Face and depth of *Beard*)
Their *Classique-model* prov'd a Maggot,
Their *Directory* an *Indian Pagod*.
And drown'd their *Discipline* like a Kitten,
On which th' had been so long a sitting;
Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

Grown out of Date, and Obsolete,
And all the *Saints* o' the first Grass,
As Casting *Foles* of *Balams Ass*.

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
And staring furiously on *Ralph*,
He trembl'd and lookt pale with Ire,
Like Ashes first, then Red as Fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for so many *Moons* lay'n by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchange'd for *Tubs* of *Ale* :
Not but they thought me worth a *Ransom*,
Much more considerable and handsom,
But for their own sakes, and for fear,
They were not safe, when I was there ?
Now to be baffl'd by a *Scoundrel*,
An upstart *Sec't'ry* and a *Mungrel*,
Such as breed out of peccant humors
Of our own *Church*, like *Wens*, and *Tumors*
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Would that which gave it life, devour.
It never shall be done, nor said :
With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade*.
And *Ralpho* too, as quick, and bold,
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd
To draw, and stand upon his Guard.
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,
As [i]f all sorts of *Noise* had been
Contracted into one loud *Din* ;
Or that some Member to be chosen,
Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand* ;
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his *Countreys* choice.
This strange surprisal put the *Knight*,
And wrathful *Squire* into a fright ;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous rancour, to join *Battel* ;
Both though[t] it was their wisest course,

HUDIBRAS

To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse* ;
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse *beating*.
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his mind, his *Courage*,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground
 With horror and disdain, wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their *fear*,
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish diff'rent noise
 Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*,
 And *Kettle Drums*, whose sullen *Dub*
 Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub* :
 But when the Sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antique Show,
 A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp*, and *State*,
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate ;
 For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
 For foes at Training overcome,
 And not enlarging *Territory*,
 (As some mistaken write in *Story*)
 Being mounted in their best Aray,
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they ?
 And follow'd with a world of *Tall Lads*,
 That merry *Ditties* trol'd, and *Ballads* ;
 Did ride, with many a good morrow,
 Crying, *hey for our Town* through the *Burrough* :
 So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so Pat,
 In all respects, as this, and that.
 First he that led the *Cavalcate*,
 Wore a Sowgelder's *Flagellate*,
 On which he blew so strong a *Levet*,
 As well fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Suedes*.
 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all keys,
 From *Trebles* down to *double-Base*,
 And after them upon a *Nag*,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

That might pass for a forehand Stag,
 A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff,
 A Smock display'd, did proudly wave.
 Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffing broken-winded tones ;
 Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,
 And make a viler noise than *Swine*
 In windy-weather, when they whine.
 Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
 Full fraught with that, which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*
 Which he dispenc'd among the *Swains*,
 And busily upon the Crowd,
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then mounted on a horned *Horse*,
 One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-spurs*,
 Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Sword*,
 He held reverst the point turn'd downward.
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
 The Conqueror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
 And bore aloft before the *Champion*
 A *Petticoat* displaid, and Rampant ;
 Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
 Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't
 Sate *Face* to *Tayl*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
 The *Warrier* whilome overcome ;
 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,
 Which as he rode, she made him twist off ;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder,
 Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Souldier.
 Before the *Dame*, and round about,
 March'd *Whiflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
 With *Lacquies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
 In fit and proper equipages ;
 Of whom, some *Torches* bore, some *Links*,
 Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
 Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Jone* ;
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout

HUDIBRAS

Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire ;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On such Sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *Animadversions*, for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now,
I ne'er saw so prophane a *Show*.
It is a *Paganish* invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention :
And he, who made it, had read *Goodwin*
(I warrant him) and understood him :
With all the Grecians *Speeds* and *Stows* :
That best describe those Antient Shows,
And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*,
We find describ'd by old *Historians*.
For as a *Roman Conqueror*,
That put an end to forrain *War*,
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot :
So this insulting *Female Brave*,
Carries behind her here, a *Slave*,
And as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their *Mantles della Guer* ;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here,
Waves, on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Pet[t]icoat* for a *Banner* :
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperor* :
And as in *Antique Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were born for mystical intregues ;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries *Eggs* too, fresh or adle ;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter ;
For, all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of course,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

When the *Grey Mares* the better *Horse*.
 When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*,
 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,
 And in the cause impatient *Grizel*
 Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bulls Pizle*,
 And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
 To turn her *Vassail* with a *Murrain*;
 When *Wives* their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,
 And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*,
 And they in mortal *Battle* vanquish'd,
 Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
 And by the right of *War*, like *Gils*,
 Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*;
 For when men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
 Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense.

'Tis not the least disparagement,
 To be defeated by th' event:
 No[r] to be beaten by main *force*,
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Although his shoulders, with *Batoon*,
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune;
 A *Taylers* Prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
 But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
 And without blows give up the Day;
 Or to surrender ere the *Assault*,
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault:
 And renders men of *Honor* less
 Than all th' *Adversity* of Success,
 And only unto such this Shew
 Of *Horns*, and *Petticoats*, is due.
 There is a lesser *Profanation*,
 Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*,
 For as *Ovation* was allow'd
 For *Conquest*, purchas'd without blood,
 So men decree those lesser Shows,
 For *Vict'ry* gotten without blows.
 By dint of sharp hard *words*, which some

HUDIBRAS

Give *Battle* with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
 Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-stool*,
 March proudly to the River's side,
 And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride.
 Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are sed
 The *Adriatique Sea* to wed,
 And have a gentler *Wife*, than those,
 For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.
 But both are *Heathenish* and come
 From th' *Whores* of *Babylon* and *Rome*,
 And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost *struglings* to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and *rod*,
 A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
 T'attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him *breast to breast*.
 Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,
 Made signs for *Silence*, which obtain'd:
 What means (quoth he) this dev'ls *Procession*
 With men of *Orthodox* profession?
 'Tis *Ethnique* and *Idolatrous*,
 From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of *Babylon* ride
 Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,
 Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
 A *Type* of her, or she of this?
 Are things of *Superstitious function*,
 Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine*?
 It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
 Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;
 A running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
 To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
 To whom the *Saints* are so beholding,
 Women, who were our first *Apostles*,
 Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

In which the *Cause* might be concern'd:
 Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whistles*,
 To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*:
 Their *Husbands*, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
 To take the *Saints* and *Churches* parts;
 Drew several gifted *Brethren* in,
 That for the *Bishops* would have been,
 And fix'd them constant to the *Party*,
 With motives pow'rful and hearty:
 Their *Husbands* rob'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their *Guifts*;
 All they could rap, and run and pilfer,
 To scraps, and ends of Gold and Silver;
 Rub'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and spent,
 With holding forth for *Parliament*;
 Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*
 With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;
 Enabled them, with store of meat,
 On controverted *Points* to eat;
 And cram'd them till their *guts* did ake,
 With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plum-cake*.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the *Cause* at *London*?
 March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
 T' entrench the *City*, for defence, in;
 Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own soft hands,
 To put the *Enemy* to stands;
 From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-wenches*,
 Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
 Fell to their *Pick-axes* and *Tools*,
 And help'd the men to dig like *Moles*?
 Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,
 Chosen o' their *Members* a *Committee*?
 For raising of a *Common-Purse*,
 Out of their *Wages*, to raise *Horse*?
 And do they not as *Triers* sit,
 To judge what *Officers* are fit?
 Have they——? At [that] an *Egg*, let fly,
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And running down his *Cheek*, besmear'd,

HUDIBRAS

With Orange-tawny-slime, his *Beard*:
 But *Beard*, and slime being of one Hue,
 The *wound* the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the *Panniers* rode,
 Let fly o' th' other side a load;
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In *Ralpho's* face, another *Volley*.
 The *Knight* was startl'd with the smell,
 And for his sword began to feel:
 And *Ralpho* smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his: when one that bore a *Link*,
 O' th' sudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
 Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's *touch-hole*;
 And streight another with his *Flambeaux*,
 Gave *Ralpho's*, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.
 The *Beasts* began to kick, and fling,
 And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.
 Through which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from further fray;
 And though disorder'd in Retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
 For quitting both their *Swords* and *Rains*,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes*;
 And to avoid the foes pursuit,
 With spurring put their Cattle to't,
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'r lookt behind.
 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
 Their *spirits* spent with fight and flying,
 And *Hudibras* recruited force,
 Of Lungs, for *action* or *discourse*:

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,
 That fouls his *hands* with durty foes:
 For where no *honor's* to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd,
 'Twas ill for us, we had to do
 With so dishonorable a Foe:
 For though the *Law of Arms* does bar
 The use of venom'd shot in *War*,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,

SECOND PART, CANTO II

Their *Case-shot* savours strong of *poison* ;
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a *stinking breath* :
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush.
 But as those *Pultrons* that fling durt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
 So all the *Honor* they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave Retreat, without pursuit ;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in Triumph led ;
 Than which, the *Ancients* held no state,
 Of Man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
 Do chance to reach the *Widows* ear,
 It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
 Her *Sex's Honor*, reach her heart,
 And as such homely Treats (they say)
 Portend good *fortune*, so this may.
Vespasian being dawb'd with durt,
 Was destin'd to the Empire for't :
 And from a Scavenger did come
 To be a mighty Prince in *Rome* :
 And why may not this foul Address
 Presage in Love the same success ?
 Then let us streight to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds* ;
 And after (as we first *design'd*)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

CANTO III.

THE
ARGUMENT.

*The Knight with various doubts possest
To win the Lady, goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Dest'nies resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Astrologick.
Till falling from Dispute, to Fight,
The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

DOUTbtless the pleasure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*.
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a *fuglers* slight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his slight of hand.
Some with a noise, and greasie light,
Are snapt, as men catch *Larks* by night;
Ensna^rd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As Noozes by the *legs* catch *Foul*.
Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;
So sweet as *Lawyer* in his *Bar-gown*.

SECOND PART, CANTO III

Until, with subtle Cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets* :
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more th're tangled ;
And while their *Purses* can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet designs of *Fate*,
Apply to *Wisards* to fore-see
What shall, and what shall never be :
And as those *Vulturs* do foreboad,
Believe Events prove *bad*, or *good*.
A flam more senseless than the Roguery
Of old *Aruspicy* and *Augury*.
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battle* ;
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickins* pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon ;
Though *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew.
For He, with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
Being mounted on his *Steel* agen,
(And *Ralpho* got a Cock-horse too
Upon his *Beast*, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the *Widows* house,
T' acquit himself and pay his *Vows* ;
When various *thoughts* began to bustle,
And with his inward man to juggle.
He thought what *danger* might accrue,
If she should find he *swore* untrue :
Or, if his *Squire*, or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their *Tale* ;
It might at once the ruine prove
Both of his *Honor*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow* ;
And that he durst not now for shame
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.

HUDIBRAS

This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
To pass *time*, and uneasy *trot*.
Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*,
I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*,
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That, every way I turn, does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled *Wits* about:
For though the *Dame* has been my *Bail*,
To free me from enchanted *Fail*:
Yet as a *Dog* committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his *Chain*.
So though my *Ankle* she has quitted,
My *Heart* continues still committed.
And like a *Bay'd* and *Main-priz'd Lover*,
Although at large, I am bound over.
And when I shall appear in *Court*,
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't
Unless the *Judge* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?
For, if in our account we vary,
Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry,
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my *Doublet* off,
To shew by evident *Record*,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word:
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honor* lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Post*:
Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And justifie I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.
Or that I could enucleate,
And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;
Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
How far the *Dest'nies* take my part;

SECOND PART, CANTO III

For if I were not more than certain,
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,
To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *Worship*.
For though an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*
And *sinful*, when men *swear* in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,
And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* sells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep importances repair.
When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
And *Linnen* slinks out of the way;
When *Geese* and *Pullen* are seduc'd,
And *Sows* of sucking *Pigs* are chews'd;
When *Cattle* feel Indisposition,
And need th' opinion of *Physitian*;
When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs*, or *Sheep*,
And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;
When *Yeast*, and outward means do *fail*,
And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
When *Butter* does refuse to come,
And *Love* proves *cross* and *humorsome*:
To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the *Saints* have freedom,
To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralph*, There's no doubt of that:
Those *Principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
For any thing their *Priviledge*;
And to the *Dev'l* himself may go,
If they have *motives* thereunto.
For as there is a *War* between
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,

HUDIBRAS

If they, by subtle Stratagem,
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.
 Has not this present *Parliament*
 A *Legar* to the *Devil* sent,
 Fully empower'd to Treat about
 Finding revolted *Witches* out:
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of them in one *Shire*?
 Some only for not being *drown'd*,
 And some for sitting above ground,
 Whole *days* and *nights* upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
 And some for putting *Knavish* tricks
 Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turkey Chicks*,
 Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast,
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,
 And made a Rod for his own *breech*.
 Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*
Luther, in *Germany*, for certain;
 And would have gull'd him with a Trick,
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge,
 At *Antwerp*, their Cathedral Church?
 Sing catches to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*?
 And speak i' th' *Nun* at *Londons Belly*?
 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
 At *Woodstock*, on a *Pars'nal Treaty*?
 At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
 I' th' *Cause's* service, *Prisoner*?
 As *Withers* in immortal Rime
 Has register'd to after-time?
 Do not our great *Reformers* use
 This *Sidrophel* to foreboad *News*?
 To write of *Victories* next year,
 And *Castles* taken yet i' th' *Air*;
 Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and Ships
 Sunk, two years hence, the last *Eclips*?

SECOND PART, CANTO III

A Total O'erthrow giv'n the *King*
 In *Cornwal*, *Horse*, and *Foot*, next Spring?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whats'er the close *Committee* would?
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?
 The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
 Against the Book of *Common Pray'r*?
 The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?
 Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
 Compound, and take the *Covenant*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear,
 The *Saints* ma' imploy a *Conjurer*;
 As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*
 No *Argument* like matter of fact is:
 And we are best of all led to
 Mens *Principles* by what they do.
 Then let us strait advance in quest
 Of this profound *Gymnosophist*:
 And as the *Fates*, and *He* advise,
 Pursue, or wave this *Enterprise*.
 This said, he turn'd about his Steed,
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid,
 Where, leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
 And to the *Conj'rer* turn our stile:
 To let our *Reader* understand
 What's useful of him, before hand.

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks, *Philosophy*, and *Statics*,
Magick, *Horoscopy*, *Astrology*,
 And was *old Dog* at *Physiology*;
 But, as a *Dog* that turns the spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
 To climb the *Wheel*; but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again:
 And still he's in the self-same place,
 Where at his setting out he was.
 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
 Did he advance his nat'ral Parts;

HUDIBRAS

Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to *Juggle, Cant, and Cheat* ;
 For as those *Fowls* that live in Water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter ;
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bod Grosted*,
 Th' *Intelligible world* he knew,
 And all, men dream on't, to be true :
 That in this *World*, there's not a *Wart*,
 That has not there a Counterpart ;
 Nor can there on the *face* of Ground,
 An Individual *Beard* be found,
 That has not, in that foreign *Nation*,
 A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
 So *cut*, so *color'd*, and so *curl'd*,
 As those are, in th' *Inferior World*.
 H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before
 The *Dev'l*, and *Euclide* o'er and o'er.
 And all th' *Intregues*, 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Lescus, and th' *Emperor*, [would] tell ye.
 But with the *Moon* was more familiar
 Than e'er was *Almanack well willer*.
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there.
 Knew when she was in fittest mood,
 For cutting *Corns*, or letting *blood* :
 When for anointing *Scabs* and *Itches*,
 Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches* ;
 When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spade,
 And in what Sign best *Sider's* made,
 Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,
 Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pease*.
 Who first found out the *Man i' th' Moon*,
 That to the *Ancients* was unknown ;
 How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
 Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,
 Their *Airy Empire* : and command
 Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land ;

SECOND PART, CANTO III

What factions th' have, and what they drive at
 In publick Vogue, and what in private ;
 With what Designs and Interests,
 Each Party manages Contests,
 He made an *Instrument* to know
 If the *Moon* shine at full or no,
 That would as ~~soon~~ as e'er she shon, strait
 Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate ;
 Tell what her *D'ameter* t' an Inch is,
 And prove she is not made of *Green Cheese* :
 It would demonstrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
 And that it is no *Dog*, nor *Bitch*,
 That stands behind him at his breech ;
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*
 With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* mistake,
 How large a *Gulph* his Tail composes,
 And what a goodly *Bay* his Nose is ;
 How many *German Leagues* by th' scale,
Cape-Snout's from *Promontary-Tayl* :
 He made a *Planetary Gin*,
 Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
 And come o' purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expence of Cheese or Bacon ;
 With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit
 Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat,
 Quote Moles and Spots, on any place
 O' th' body, by the *Index-face* :
 Detect lost *Maidenheads*, by sneezing,
 Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or pissing.
 Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
 Of *Med'cines*, to th' *Imagination*.
 Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare
 With *Rimes* the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*.
 Chase evil *spirits* away by dint
 Of *Cickle*, *Horseshoe*, *Hollow-flint*.
 Spit fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,
 Which made the *Roman Slaves* rebell.
 And fire a Mine in *China*, here,
 With Sympathetick *Gunpowder*.

HUDIBRAS

He knew what's ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew, would own.
 What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*
 Could make a man with, as he tells us.
 What figur'd *Slats* are best to make,
 On wat'ry surface, *Duck* or *Drake*.
 What *Bowling-stones*, in running race
 Upon a *Board*, have swiftest pace.
 Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black
 List of a Dapl'd *Louse's* back.
 If *Systole* or *Diastole* move
 Quickest, when he's in wrath, or love :
 When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*,
 How many scores a *Flea* will jump,
 Of his own length, from Head to Rump ;
 Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*
 In vain, essay'd so long agon ;
 Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
 And not an Elephant's *Proboscis*,
 How many different *Specieses*
 Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheese,
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engendred in a *Chandler's* nose.
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood* ;
 A paultry Wretch, he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd ;
 Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,
 Not *Wine*, but more unwholesome *Law* :
 To make 'twixt words and lines, huge gaps,
 Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
 To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think ;
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He to more high Advancement rise :
 To be an Under-*Conjuror*,
 Or Journey-man *Astrologer* :
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
 And Men with their own keys unriddle.

SECOND PART, CANTO III

To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
 To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all *Discoveries* disperse,
 Among th' whole *pack* of *Conjurers* ;
 What *Cutpurses* have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem ;
 And, what they dare not vend, find out,
 To gain themselves, and th' *Art*, repute.
 Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
 Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers Shops*.
 Of Thieves *ascendent* in the *Cart*,
 And find out all by rules of *Art*.
 Which way a Serving-man that's run
 With Cloaths or Mony away, is gone :
 Who pick'd a *Fob*, at *Holding-forth*,
 And where a *Watch*, for half the worth,
 May be redeem'd ; or Stolen Plate
 Restor'd, at Conscionable rate.
 Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*
 In quality of *Poetaster* :
 And *Rimes* appropriate could make,
 To ev'ry month i' th' *Almanack*.
 When *Terms* begin, and end, could tell,
 With their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*.
 When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,
 And *Sowgelder*, with safety cuts.
 When Men may Eat and Drink their fill,
 And when be temp'rate if they will.
 When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.
 And as in *Prisons*, mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the service of the *Great* ;
 So *Whachum* beat his durty brains,
 T' advance his Masters Fame and Gains ;
 And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
 Put into *Dogrel-Rimes* his *Spells*,
 Which over ev'ry months blank-page
 I' th' *Almanack*, strange *Bilks* presage.

HUDIBRAS

He would an *Elegy* compose
 On Maggots squee'z'd out of his Nose ;
 In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on
 His Mistriss, eating a Black-pudden :
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
 It puf't him with *Poetick Rapture* :
 His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troul'd aloud ;
 That, circl'd with his long-ear'd Guests,
 Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts,
 A *Carman's* Horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to *Poetry*,
 No Porter's *Burthen* past along,
 But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
 Each Windore, like a *Pill'ry* appears,
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears :
 All Trades run in as to the sight
 Of Monsters, or their dear delight ;
 The *Gallow-tree*, when cutting Purse,
 Breeds bus'ness for *Heroick Verse*,
 Which none does hear, but would have hung
 T've been the *Theme* of such a *Song*.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
 In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd ;
 Where neither Tree, nor House could bar
 The free detection of a *Star* ;
 And nigh an *Antient Obelisk*
 Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
 On which was written, not in words,
 But *Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds*,
 Many rare pithy Saws concerning
 The worth of *Astrologick Learning* :
 From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
 To which he fastned *Telescope* ;
 The *Speēacles*, with which the Stars
 He reads in smallest *Characters*.
 It hapned as a *Boy*, one night,
 Did fly his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*,
 The strangest long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,
 That like a *Bird of Paradise*,

SECOND PART, CANTO III

Or *Heralds* Martlet, has no *legs*,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lay[s] *Eggs* ;
 His *Train* was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,
 Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
 That far off like a *Star* did appear.
 This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
 And with Amazement staring wide,
Bless us, quoth he, What dreadful wonder
 Is that, appears in *Heaven* yonder ?
 A *Comet*, and without a *Beard* ?
 Or *Star*, that ne'er before appear'd ;
 I'm certain, 'tis not in the *Scrowl*,
 Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
 With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
 The Learned stock the *Constellations* :
 Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have bin,
 To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* Inn.
 It must be supernatural,
 Unless it be that Cannon-Ball,
 That, shot in th' Air, point-blank, upright,
 Was born to that prodigious height,
 That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards, down agen ;
 But in the *Aery Region* yet,
 Hangs like the Body o' *Mahomet*.
 For if it be above the Shade,
 That by the *Earths* round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable, it may, from far,
 Appear no Bullet but a Star.
 This said, He to his Engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it, till it levell'd right,
 Against the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
 Then peeping through, (*Bless* us quoth he)
 It is a *Planet* now I see ;
 And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,
 It should be *Saturn* : yes 'tis clear :
 'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes him there ?

HUDIBRAS

He's got between the *Dragon's Tail*,
 And farther leg behind, o' th' *Whale*;
 Pray *Heaven*, divert the fatal Omen,
 For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,
 And can no less than the *Worlds end*,
 O[r] *Natures* funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Through *Perspective* more wistfully,
 When by mischance, the fatal string
 That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the *Star*: Well shot,
 Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a *Star*, and hit it:
 But *Sidrophel* more subtle-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful,
 Portent is this, to see a *Star* fall;
 It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come.
 When *Stars* do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
 And some of us find out by *Magick*.
 Then, since the time we have to live,
 In this *world's* shortned, Let us strive,
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out, not long before
 The *Knight* upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the *Mansion*:
 Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,
 And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder; some
 To try, or use our Art, are come:
 The one's the Learned *Knight*; seek out,
 And pump 'em, what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submissness,
 T' accost 'em, but much more, their bus'ness.
 He held the Stirrup, while the *Knight*,
 From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,

SECOND PART, CANTO III

And taking from his hand, the Bridle,
 Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle,
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,
 And welcom'd him, *as he might say*:
 He ask'd them whence they came, and whither
 Their business lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
 Did you not lose——? Quoth *Ralpho*, Nay;
 Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way,
 Your *Knight*——Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,
 And pains intollerable doth suffer,
 For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor Lights nor Lungs, and so forth downwards,
 What time——Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir too long,
 Three years it off and on, has hung——
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.
 Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small *Art*
 Tells me, the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
 Or great *Estate*——Quoth *Ralpho*, a *Joynter*,
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
 Mean while the *Knight* was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter;
 Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,
 To give him [suitable] Reception;
 But kept his bus'ness at a *Bay*,
 Till *Whachum* put him in the way.
 Who having now by *Ralpho's* light,
 Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,
 And what he came to know, drew near,
 To whisper in the *Conj'ers* ear.
 Which he prevented thus: What was't
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
 Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retri'd,
 In opposition with *Mars*,
 And no benigne friendly Stars
 T' allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
 In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No.
 Has *Saturn* nothing to do in't?
 One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.

HUDIBRAS

'Tis well, quoth he——Sir you'll excuse
 This rudeness, I am forc'd to use,
 It is a *Scheme*, and *face* of *Heaven*
 As the *Aspects* are dispos'd, this *Even*,
 I was contemplating upon,
 When you arriv'd: but now I've done.

Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
 Unseasonable in coming here
 At such a time, to interrupt
 Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, Quoth *Sidrophel*,
 The Stars your coming did foretel:
 I did expect you here, and know,
 Before you speak, your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er
 You tell me after, on your word,
 Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you;
 And [for] three years has rid your *Wit*
 And *Passion* without drawing *Bit*:
 And now your bus'ness is, to know
 If you shall carry her, or no.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you're in the right,
 But how the *Devil* you come by't,
 I cann't imagine; for the *Stars*
 I'm sure, can tell no more than a *Horse*,
 Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore
 You[r] Eyes o[u]t on 'em) tell you more
 Than the *Oracle* of *Sive* and *Sheers*,
 That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;
 But if the *Devils* of your Counsel,
 Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,
 And 'tis on this accompt I come,
 To know from you my fatal Doom.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,
 Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,

SECOND PART, CANTO III

I might suspect, and take the *Alarm*,
 Your bus'ness is but to inform,
 But if it be; 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*,
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by *Rules of Art*,
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusions of *Astrology*:
 But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
 But only this, that I defie him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye
 I understand your *Metonymie*;
 Your words of second hand intention,
 When things by wrongful names you mention;
 The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,
 That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
 To raise the *Devil*, and mean one thing,
 And that is, down-right *Conjuring*:
 And in its self more warrantable,
 Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
 Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
 Which by confederacy are done.
 Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
 To make her from her Sphere dismount,
 And to their *Incantations* stoop,
 They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy, or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,
 Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,
 As you your self—Then friend I doubt
 You go the farthest way about.
 Your Modern *Indian Magician*
 Makes but a hole i' th' Earth to piss in,
 And streit resolves all Questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i'th' right,
 The *Rosy-crucian* way's more sure,
 To bring the Devil to the Lure,
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,
 To catch *Intelligences* in.

HUDIBRAS

Some by the *Nose* with fumes trappan 'um,
As *Dunstan* did the *Devil's Grannum*.
Others with *Characters* and *Words*,
Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*.
And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
Engrav'd in *Planetary Nicks*.
With their own influences, will fetch 'em,
Down from their Orbs, arrest and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose, and answer to
All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.
Bumbastus, kept a *Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of past and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The Devil's *Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,
Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*,
He solv'd all *Problems* ne'er so deep.

Agrippa kept a *Stygian-Pug*,
I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,
That was his *Tutor*; and the *Curr*
Read to th' occult *Philosopher*,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other *Sciences* are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behman*;
Nor was the *Dog* a *Cacodaemon*,
But a true *Dog*, that would shew tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er sticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil,
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the *Rosie-cross Philosophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorcerers*;
What they pretend to, is no more,
Than *Trismegistus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaster*,
And *Appollonius* their Master;

SECOND PART, CANTO III

To whom they do confess they ow,
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas what is't to us,
Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*:
If it be *nonsense*, *false*, or *mystick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *sophistick*.
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,
That makes *truth truth*, although *time's daughter* ;
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it.
And as he eats his *Sons*, just so
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too.
Nor do's it follow, cause a *Herald*
Can make a Gentleman scarce a year old,
To be descended of a Race,
Of ancient *Kings* in a small space ;
That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of prudence, to cry down an *Art* ;
And what it may perform, deny
Because you understand not why.
(As *Averrhois* play'd but [a] mean trick,
To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*)
For who knows all that knowledge contains ?
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,
But on their sides, or rising's seat ;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height,
Do not the Hist'ries of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange turns in the *World's* affairs,
Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Soothsayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And some that have writ *Almanacks* ?
The *Median* Emp'rour dreamt, his Daughter,
Had pist all *Asia* under water,
And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *banches*,
O'erspread his *Empire*, with its branches ;
And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
As after by th' event he found it ?

HUDIBRAS

When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left Shooe, 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By *Soldiers* mutining for pay.
Are there no myriads of this sort,
Which Stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all *Countreys*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?

The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-walls an *Owl* was seen,
Did cause their *Clergy* with *Lustrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*,)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert
From doing *Town* or *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have so much pow'r,
Why should not *Planets* have much more?
That in a *Region*, far above
Inferior fowls o' th' *Air*, move,
And should see farther, and fore-know,
More than their *Augury* below:
Though that once serv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to understand.
Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can speak th' *Events* of our presages,
Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compass?
Made Mountains, with our *Tubes*, appear
And Cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so ope,
That I, without a *Telescope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie.

SECOND PART, CANTO III

For *Anaxagoras* long agon,
 Saw *Hills*, as well as you i' th' *Moon*;
 And held the *Sun* was but a piece
 Of *Red-hot-Ir'n* as big as *Greece*;
 Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,
 Because the *Sun* had voided one;
 And rather than he would recant
 Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

But what, alas, what is't to us,
 Whether i' th' *Moon*, men thus, or thus,
 Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their *Corns*,
 Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns*?
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance
 But what we nearer have from *France*?
 What can our *Travellers* bring home,
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
 What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,
 That are not in our own *Dominions*?
 What Science can be brought from thence,
 In which we do not here Commence?
 What Revelations, or Religions,
 That are not in our Native *Regions*?
 Are sweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-Fans*
 Made better there, than th' are in *France*?
 Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*
 O' th' *Gittarr* there a newer [way]?
 Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit
 The *Publick Humor* with less *Wit*?
 Write *wittier Dances*, quainter Shows,
 Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
 Or does the Man i'th' *Moon* look big,
 And wear a huger *Periwig*,
 Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
 Than our own Native *Lunatics*?
 But if w' out-do him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As *wind* i' th' *Hypochondrias* pent
 Is but a blast if downward sent;
 But if it upwards chance to fly,
 Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:

HUDIBRAS

So when our Speculations tend,
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great,
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And savor strongly of the *Ganzas*,
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a *Sign*, no *Painter* draws
The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*,
Resolve that with your *Jacobs-staff*;
Or why wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water;
And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
You may know something more remote.

At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
And staring round with *Owl-like* Eies,
He put his face into a posture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Art has no mortal enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;
Those Consecrated *Geese* in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*:
And being then upon *Petrol*
With noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any Science understand,
Beyond the reach of Eye, or Hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold, Nothing's to be known.
Those whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-*
Houses, cry down all *Philosophy*.
And will not know, upon what ground
In *Nature*, we our *doctrine* found;
Although with pregnant evidence,
We can demonstrate it to sence.
As I just now have done to you,
Fortelling what you came to know.

SECOND PART, CANTO III

Were the *Stars* only made to light
 Robbers and Burglars by night?
 To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
 And *Lovers* solacing behind *Dores*?
 Or giving one another *Pledges*
 Of *Matrimony* under *Hedges*?
 Or *Witches* *Simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
 Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets?
 Or from the *Pillory* tips of *Ears*
 Of *Rebel-Saints*, and *Perjurers*?
 Only to stand by and look on,
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a *Constellation* there,
 That was not born and bred up here?
 And th[ere]fore cannot be to learn,
 In any inferior *Concern*.
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em *Pirats*, *Whores*, and *Thieves*?
 And is it like they have not still
 In their old *Practises* some skill?
 Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
 Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below?
 Who made the *Ballance*, or whence came
 The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
 Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg
 Make *Berenice's Periwig*?
 Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
 Or who made *Cassiopea's Chair*?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The *World* can be
 Govern'd without *Geometry*,
 (For *Mony* b'ing the common *Scale*
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale;
 In all th' affairs of *Church* and *State*,
 'Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight*.)
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine *Astrology* made out,

HUDIBRAS

That puts the other down in worth,
As far as *Heaven's* above *Earth*.

These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the *Learned* use,
Upon this *subject* to produce;
And yet, th' are far from satisfactory
T' establish and keep up your *Factory*.
The *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice
Shifted his *setting* and his *rise*;
Twice has he risen in the *West*,
As many times set in the *East*;
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.
Some hold, the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And 'twere not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground:
As sage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *Modern Authors* [hold].
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat
Above the *Sun* himself in height.
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred years, and odd,
The *Sun* had left his antient Road,
And nearer to the Earth, is come
'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame
To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,
Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd;
Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd, Great States depend
Upon the tip o' th' *Bears Tails* end;

SECOND PART, CANTO III

That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
 Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true *Bears* have no *Tails*.
 Some say, the *Zodiack-Constellations*
 Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
 Above a *Sign*; and prove the same,
 In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;
 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
 The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;
 Then how can their *effects* still hold
 To be the same they were of old.
 This, though the *Art* were true, would make
 Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake;
 And is one cause they tell more lies,
 In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
 Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Beside their Nonsense in translating,
 For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*.
 Like *Idus* and *Calendæ* Englisht
 The *Quarter-days*, by skilful Linguist,
 And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
 Make Fools believe in their fore-seeing
 Of things before they are in Being;
 To swallow *Gudgeons* ere th' are catch'd,
 And count their *Chickens* ere th' are hatch'd,
 Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
 And give 'em back their own accompt:
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.
 Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some, for brevity,
 Have cast the Versal World's *Nativity*;
 And made the Infant-Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please:
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*,
 Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*;
 Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;

HUDIBRAS

Some take a measure of the lives
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,
 Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*;
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile,
 As if the *Planet's* first aspect
 The tender Infant did infect
 In *Soul* and *Body*, and instill
 All future good, and future ill:
 Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,
 At destin'd Periods fall a working;
 And break out like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases into deeds,
 In Friendships, Enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of Life:
 No sooner does he peep into,
 The *World*, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*,
 That cures, or kills a man that is sick;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of Wives,
 Is Cuckolded, and Breaks, or Thrives.
 There's but [the] twinkling of a *Star*
 Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
 A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
 A huffing *Offi[c]er* and a *Slave*,
 A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
 A great *Philosopher* and a *Blockhead*,
 A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
 A learn'd *Physitian* and *Man-slayer*.
 As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old-age, *Diseases*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice*;
 And draw with the first Air they breath,
Battel, and *Murther*, *sudden Death*.
 Are not these fine Commodities,
 To be imported from the Skies?
 And vended here among the Rable,
 For staple Goods, and warrantable?
 Like Mony by the *Druids* borrow'd,
 I' th' other *World* to be restor'd.

SECOND PART, CANTO III

Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
 You wrong the *Art* and *Artists* too:
 Since Arguments are lost on those
 That do our *Principles* oppose;
 I will (although I've don't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you
 What you perhaps forget, befel you;
 By way of *Horary* inspection,
 Which some accompt our worst erection.
 With that, He *Circles* draws, and *Squares*
 With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters*;
 Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,
 Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens set
 Discovers how in fight you met
 At *Kingston* with a *Maypole Idol*,
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well:
 And though you overcame the *Bear*,
 The *Dogs* beat you at *Brentford Fair*;
 Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
 And handl'd you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
 You are no *Conj'rer*, b' your leave,
 That *Paultry story* is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.

Not true? quoth he, How e'er you vapor,
 I can, what I affirm, make appear;
Whachum shall justifie 't [t'] your face,
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the *Saltinbanco's* part,
 Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*,
 He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
 Chews'd, and Caldes'd ye like a Block-head:
 And what you lost I can produce
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,
 That Argument's *Demonstrative*;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A *Constable* to seize the Wretches:

HUDIBRAS

For though th' are both false *Knaves* and *Cheats*,
Impostors, *Juglers*, *Counterfets*,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
 As true, as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers*;
 They 're guilty by their own *Confessions*,
 Of *Felony*; and at the *Sessions*
 Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
 That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
 Shall make all *Taylor's* Yards, of one
 Unanimous opinion:

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt,
 To find friends, that will bear me out:
 Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
 And Neck, so long on the *States* part,
 To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,
 By [such] a *Braghadochio* Huffer.

Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
 Shall down thy false throat, Cram that word,
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer,
 To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
 Lest he and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
 Of *Hudibras*, did now erect,
 A *Figure* worse portending far,
 Than that of most malignant Star:
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment,
 To shun the danger that might come on't,
 While *Hudibras* was all alone,
 And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
 This being resolv'd, He spy'd by chance,
 Behind the Dore, an Iron Lance,
 That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
 And Legs, and Loyns, and Shoulders bord.
 He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,
 To make his way through *Hudibras*.
Whachum had a Fire-Fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his Work.

SECOND PART, CANTO III

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his Guard.
 He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust,
 And in, right manfully, he rusht,
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his Seacole-Prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly.
 But *Hudib[r]as* gave him a twitch
 As quick as Lightning in the Breech.
 Just in the place, where *Honor's* lodg'd,
 As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd;
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts *Honor*, than deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
 You are my Prisoners, base Vermine.
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know, foretel?
 By this, what Cheats you are, we find,
 That in your own Concerns are blind:
 Your Lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
 But who his Honor would defile,
 To take, or sell two lives so vile;
 I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*,
 The Conqu'ring Warriar's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
 Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
 That mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.

This said [in haste], in haste he fell
 To romaging of *Sidrophel*.
 First, He expounded both his Pockets,
 And found a *Watch*, with *Rings* and *Locketts*,
 Which had been left with him, t' erect
 A *Figure* for, and so detect.
 A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
 Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
 Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,
 And *Blank-Schemes* to discover *Nimmers*;
 A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napier's* bones,
 And several *Constellation-stones*,

HUDIBRAS

Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
That over *Mortals* had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade* ;
And stab, or poyson, to evade ;
In *Wit*, or *Wisdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love*.

Whachum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while ;
All which the *Conqu'ror* did discompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks,
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary *Conqu'ror* with a fetch,
And make him glad, (at least) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince* of *Darkness*
Arriv'd to seize upon his *Carkass*.
And, as a *Fox*, with hot pursuit,
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung ;
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting *Death*)
Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* justling in his *Brain*,
As learn'd *Philosophers* give out :
So *Sidrophello* cast about,

And fell to's w[o]nted *Trade* again,
To feign himself in earnest slain,
First, stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his *Breast* to smother,
A broken *Sigh* ; Quoth he, Where am I,
Alive, or Dead ? Or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon ?
But now, I thought my self i' th' *Moon* ;
And that a *Monster* with huge *Whiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzers*,
My body through and through had dril'd,
And *Whachum* by my side, had kill'd,

SECOND PART, CANTO III

Had cross-examin'd both our Hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
 Look there he is, I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run through.
 And there lies *Whachum* by my side,
 Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
 Oh ! Oh ! with that he fetch'd a *Groane*,
 And fell again into a swoon.
 Shut both his Eies, and stopt his Breath,
 And, to the *Life*, out-acted *Death*.
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
 He held it now no longer safe,
 To tarry the return of *Ralph* ;
 But rather leave him in the *Lurch* ;
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
 Refus'd to give himself one firke,
 To carry on the *Publick work*.
 Despis'd our *Synod-men* like Durt.
 And made their Discipline his sport ;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their *Classes*,
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *High Places* ;
 Disparag'd their *Tith-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
 And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon* ;
 Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jear'd
 Their rev'rend Parsons to my *Beard*,
 For all which *Scandals* to be quit,
 At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
 And tempt my fury, if he dare :
 He must (at least) hold up his hand,
 By twelve *Free-holders* to be scan'd,
 Who by their skill in *Palmistry*,
 Will quickly read his *Destiny* ;
 And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,
 Or take a turn for't at the *Session* :
 Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer,
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;
 For if he scape with *Whipping* now,
 'Tis more than he can hope to do,

HUDIBRAS

And that will disingage my *Conscience*,
Of th' *Obligation*, in his own sense.
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honor* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.
This being resolv'd with equal speed,
And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*;
And with *Activity* unwont,
Essay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free;
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

AN
HEROICAL EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS
TO
SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus—

WELL *Sidrophel*, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your Crazy Brain,
Without Trepanning of your Scull,
As often as the *Moon's* at *Full* :
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate Med'cine more :
For where your Case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible, that you, whose Ears
Are of the Tribe of *Issachars*,
And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit, or extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn's*, before they were
Retrench'd, and Crucifi'd compare,

HUDIBRAS

Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry croud,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a Wheel-barrow or Turnip Cart,——
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention,
To cry Green Hastings with an Engine.
(As if the vehemence had stun'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the sound)
And 'cause your Folly's now no news,
But over-grown and out of use.
Persuade your self there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.
For who but you could be possest
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being Laugh'd and Pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a Morter,
Can teach you wholesome Sense, and Nurture?
But (like a Reprobate) what course
S'ever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattle, do you good?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs;
Your several Newfound Remedies,
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees;
Your *Arts* of *Fluxing* them from *Claps*,
And Purging their infected *Saps*,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chrystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rindes,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Punishment——?
And like your whimsey'd Chariots draw
The Boys to course you without Law?
As if the Art you have so long
Profest, of making old *Dogs* young,
In you had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that understand all Books
By Judging only with your Looks,
Resolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with *B's*, and *A's*,
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows,
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With screwing of your Countenance,
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,
Know more of any Trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no Art true, or false
To help your own bad Naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder.
For Fools are known by looking wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eies.
Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' *Colledge*,
A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute
To Judge and Censure, and Controll,
As if you were the sole Sir *Poll*
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to,
You'll find the thing will not be done,
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No though y' have purchas'd to your Name,
In History so great a Fame,
That now your Talent's so well known,
For having all Belief outgrown;

HUDIBRAS

That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale
Is measur'd by your *German* Scale,——
By which the *Virtuosi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Ly,
Cast up to what it does amount:
And place the big'st to your account.
That all those stories that are lai'd
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.
Alas that Faculty destroys
Those soonest, it designs to raise.
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o're-charg'd the more recoyl.
Though he that has but Impudence
To all things has a fair Pretence
And put among his wants, but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publique Scorn;
That all affronts do still give Place
To your Impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit and Brass
You must not think 'twill always pass
For all Impostors, when they'r known,
Are past their Labor, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Madmen find, as soon
As once th' are broke loose from the Moon
And proof against her Influence,
Relapse to ere so little Sense
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND PART

Annotations TO THE SECOND PART.

But now t' observe, &c.

THE beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written of purpose, in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV Book of his *Æneides* in the very same manner, *At Regina gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the power of the Critick.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Country-man, who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his Splenetick,
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, who as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In close *Catasta* shut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in English, But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paultry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import forrain words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made *St. Francis* do, &c.

The antient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: So they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis*.

HUDIBRAS

This made the beautiful Queen of *Crete*.

The History of *Pasiphaë* is common enough, only this may be observ'd,
That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was
fain to father it, as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Countrey
being an Island, he was within the four Seas, when the Infant was
begotten.

As your own Secretary *Albertus*.

Albertus Magnus was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned
Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

Unless it be to squint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms that *Uni animalium homini oculi
depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pætorum*. Lib. 2.

As Fryer *Bacon's* Noddle was.

The Tradition of Frier *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly
known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange
then what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up
of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the
middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against
the sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time
was, &c.*

Or like some *Indians* Skulls so tough,
That Authors say th'are Musket proof.

Amer[ic]an Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are
others, whose Skulls are so soft, to use their own words, *Ut Digito
perforari possunt*.

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiters Oracle in *Epirus*, near the City of *Dodona*. *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi
sacrum, Querneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuisse narratur*.

Semiramis of *Babylon*.

Semiramis, Queen of *Assyria*, is said to be the first that invented *Eunuchs*.
Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima. Am. Marcel. L. 14.
p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who
is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces (as another Queen did
a Bull) But that perhaps may be the reason, why she after thought Men
not worth the while.

For some Philosophers of late here.

S. K. D. in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this story of the *German-Boy*,
which he endeavours to make good by several Natural Reasons; By
which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be
fully satisfied of the probability of it.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND PART

A *Persian* Emp'ror whip'd his Granum.

Xerxes who us'd to whip the Seas and Winds. *In Corum, atque Eurum solitus sevire Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

So the antient Stoicks in their Porch.

In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti sunt. Diog. Laert. in *vita Zenonis.* p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than the Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cuffing, and Kicking.

That *Bonum* is an Animal.

Bonum is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosi*, from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmills under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion, That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

———In a Town

There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

This History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchange'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd, upon all occasions, to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

———*Et sibi Consul.*

Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem. Juven. Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles *Della Guer.*

Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra Prætorium poni quasi admonitio & indicium futuræ Pugnæ Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Portinace.* Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

Vespatian being daub'd with Durt.

C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in prætextæ sinum. Sueton in *Vespas.* Ca. 5.

HUDIBRAS

Has not this present Parliament,
A *Ledger* to the Devil sent?

The Witchfinder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one year, and among the rest an old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many years.

Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge,
At *Antwerp* their Cathedral Church?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp*, in a tumult, broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines: and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, There were several Devils seen very busie among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing Catches to the Saints at *Mascon*.

This Devil of *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things, which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoires*, written in *French*.

Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*,
And speak i'th' Nun at *Loudon's* Belly.

The History of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, published by *Mer. Causabon, Isæ. Fil.* Prebend of *Canterbury*, has a large accompt of all those Passages; in which the stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same person. The Nun of *Loudon* in *France*, and all her tricks have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation, yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French Book written upon that occasion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At *Woodstock* on a Pers'nal Treaty:

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the Kings House in *Woodstock-Park*, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At *Sarum* took a Cavalier.

Withers has a long story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the Kings Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND PART

Since old *Hodg-Bacon*,

Roger Bacon, commonly called *Frier Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for some little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was, by the Rabble, accounted a Conjuror, and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grosthead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* the IV. and summon'd to app[e]ar at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to sue in a Forraign Court.

Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*

In vain assay'd so long agoe.

Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the ones Beard to the others.

Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtle* and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

Unless it be that Cannon-ball.

This experiment was try'd by some Forreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blanc against the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude, that it sticks in the mark; but *Des Cartes* was of opinion, That it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to *Sedgwyck*.

This *Sedgwyck* had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomesday Sed[g]wyck*.

Your Modern *Indian* Magician

Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monsieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

Bumbustus kept a Devils Bird, &c.

Paracelsus is said to have kept a small Devil pris'ner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink; Howsoever it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carry'd poyson in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honor of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

HUDIBRAS

Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog, that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog, from that aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick.

Averrhois Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit. Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phys. p. 781.

The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.

Astages King of *Media* had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*, wherefore he married her to a *Persian* of mean quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Asia*, and translated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*. Herodot. L. 2.

When Cæsar in the Senate fell.

Fiunt aliquando Prodigiosi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo, Plin.

Augustus having b' oversight, &c.

Divus Augustus Lævum sibi prodidit calceum præpostere indutum, quo die seditione Militum propè afflictus est, Idem. Lib. 2.

*The Roman Senate when within,
The City Walls an Owl was seen.*

Romani L. Crasso & C. Mari[o] Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.

*For Anaxagoras long agone,
Saw Hills, as well as you, i'th' Moon.*

Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem Candens Ferrum esse, & Pelopo[nneso] majorem: Lunam habitacula in se habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixisse Cælum omne ex Lapidibus esse Compositum; Damnatu & in exilium pulsus est, quod impie, Solem Candentem laminam esse dixisset. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

*The Ægyptians say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Rise.*

Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum, & amplius, recensent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Ortuum & Occasuum solis; ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND PART

Some hold the Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.

Causa quare Cælum non cadit, (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus.
Comment in L. 2. Aristot. de Cælo.

Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit. G. Cunning.
in Cosmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

The Learned Scaliger complain'd.

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinboldus, post etiam Stadius, Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonst[r]ationibus docueru[n]t, solis Apsida Terris esse pro[pi]orem, quam Ptolomei ætate duodecim partibus, i.e. uno & triginta terræ senudiametris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Helices seu Majoris ursæ omne magn[u]m Imperium pendere. Id. p. 325.

Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers
In so many hundred thousand years.

Chaldæi jaclant se quadringinta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.

Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in Posteriore vita redituri. Patricius
Tom. 2. p. 97.

That paultry story is untrue
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Ideot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of *Whacum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whacum*, no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford-Fair*, is as properly describ'd.

HUDIBRAS

That the vibration of this Pendulum,
Shall make all Taylors Yards, of one
Unanimous opinion.

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in Nature) all the world over: For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time: So that if a man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of Satin or Taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darkness.

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more imperiously.

FINIS.

HUDIBRAS.

THE
Third and last
PART.

Written by the AUTHOUR
OF THE
FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Robert Horne*, at the South Entrance
of the *Royal-Exchange*. 1679.

*Licensed and Entred according to the
Act of Parliament for Printing.*

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the
FIRST CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Ladie's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T' enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* to's *Bow*,
And burns for *Love* and *Money* too:
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,
H'as all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble.

HUDIBRAS

While those who sillily pursue
 The simple downright way and true,
 Make as unlucky Applications,
 And steer against the Stream their passions.
 Some forge their *Mistresses of Stars*:
 And when the Ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won,
 Then by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
 Cry out upon the *Stars* for doing
 Ill Offices, to cross their *wooing*;
 When onely by themselves they're hindred,
 For trusting *those they made her kindred*:
 And still the harsher and hide-bounder
 The Damsels prove, become the fonder.
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
 To gain a soft and gentle *Bride*?
 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
 In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' *Elizium*,
 Through th' Windows of a *dazling Room*?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
 The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
 This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
 With all Mankind so much in use;
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his *Amours*,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
 As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No sooner was the bloody Fight
 Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*
 With all th' Appurtenances over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:
 As he was always wont to doe
 When h' had discomfited a Foe,
 And us'd the onely *Antick Philters*
 Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.
 But now Triumphant and Victorious,
 He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
 For such a Conquerour, to meddle

THIRD PART, CANTO I

With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle*;
 Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostess*
 Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Justice* :
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
 To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws ;
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot Irons have past *Bare-handed* ;
 And if they cannot reade one *Verse*
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He therefore, judging it below him,
 To tempt a shame the *Devil might owe him*,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
 And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
 To answer, with his Vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall.
 He thought it now the fittest juncture,
 To give the Lady a Rencounter ;
 T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
 And Conquest o're the *fierce Magician* ;
 Describe the manner of the Fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away ;
 His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
 The Number of the Blows and Weight :
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief h'had done the deed.
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his Soul, to swear ;
 But, rather then produce his Back,
 To set his Conscience on the Rack :
 And, in pursuance of his urging
 Of Articles perform'd, and scourging,
 And all things else upon his part,
 Demand delivery of her Heart,
 Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
 And Person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
 Wone all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,
 And cut whole Giants into fitters,
 To put them into amorous twitters ;
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield

HUDIBRAS

Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drubb'd so sore
They durst not *wooe one Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spanish Heroes* with their Lances
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies fancies*:
And he acquires the noblest Spouse
That Widow's greatest Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to doe,
Wh' have quell'd so vast a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;
Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*
Of *Beadles*, *Constables* and *Watchmen*,
T' attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims* and *Figgumbobs*,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions father'd:
And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be *Accessory*:
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his *Betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation*.
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reasons told before)

THIRD PART, CANTO I

Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
 Of *Justice* and an *unpack'd Fury*.
 The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same *Trim*;
 T' acquaint the *Lady* what h'had done,
 And what he meant to carry on;
 What *Project* 'twas he went about,
 When *Sidrophel* and he fell out;
 His firm and stedfast Resolution,
 To swear her to an *Execution*;
 To pawn his inward Ears, to marry her,
 And Bribe the Devil himself to carry her.
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their *Party Saints* to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
 In any Prosperous *Arms-Bearing*,
 To lay themselves out, to supplant
 Each other *Cosin-German Saint*.
 But e'r the *Knight* could doe his Part,
 The *Squire* had got so much the Start,
 H'had to the *Lady* done his Errand,
 And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
 Just as he finish'd his Report,
 The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
 And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
 And taken time for both to stale,
 He put his Band and Beard in order,
 The Sprucer to accost and board her;
 And now began t' approach the Door:
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
 And went to entertain the *Knight*.
 With whom encountring after *Longees*
 Of *humble* and *submissive Congees*,
 And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
 He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said:
 Madam, *I do, as is my Duty*,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Present you'l be glad to hear;

HUDIBRAS

*At least I hope so. The thing's done,
 Or may I never see the Sun;
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle Hand:
 And that you'd please to doe your part,
 As I have done mine to my smart.*
 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
 As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
 But she, who well enough knew what
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The Mystery of what he mean'd:
 And therefore wish'd him to expound
 His dark expressions *less profound.*
*Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your Love,
 Which (like your Votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin:
 And, for those meritorious Lashes,
 To claim your favour and good Graces.*
 Quoth she, *I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce;
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
 And for my Sake and Service vow'd
 To lay upon't a heavy Load,
 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other Knights do oft make love.
 Which whether you have done or no,
 Concerns your self, not me, to know.
 But if you have, I shall confess,
 Y' are honester then I could guess.*
 Quoth he, *If you suspect my troth,
 I cannot prove it but by Oath;
 And, if you make a question on't,
 I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
 And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
 I think, does give the best security.*
 Quoth she, *Some say, the Soul's secure
 Against Distress and Forfeiture;*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*Is free from Action, and exempt
 From Execution and Contempt;
 And to be summon'd to appear
 In th' other world, 's illegal here:
 And therefore few make any account,
 Int' what incumbrances they run't.
 For most Men carry things so even
 Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
 Without the least offence to either,
 They freely deal in all together;
 And equally abhor to quit
 This World for both, or both for it.
 And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
 They are but Pris'ners on Parols.
 For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
 They may be accomptable in all.
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
 That all that we determine here
 Commands Obedience every where;
 When Penalties may be commuted
 For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 As Souls in Pawn and Mortgage past.
 For Oaths are th' onely Tests and Scales
 Of Right and Wrong, and True and False:
 And there's no other way to try
 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
 Quoth she, What is it you would Swear?
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For till th' are understood, all Tales
 (Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.
 Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day,
 And to perform my Exercise,
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
 T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
 I went to doe't upon the Place.
 But as the Castle is enchanted
 By Sidrophel the Witch, and haunted*

HUDIBRAS

*With evil Spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two;
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray,
 I heard a Formidable Noise
 Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
 That Roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,
 I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
 That shall devest thy Ribs of Skin,
 To expiate thy lingring Sin.
 Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
 But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
 Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:
 Which now the Fates have order'd me
 For Penance and Revenge to Flay,
 Unless thou presently make haste.
 Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.
 With which though startled, I confess,
 Yet th' Horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other Dismal apprehension
 Of Interruption or Prevention.
 And therefore snatching up the Rod,
 I laid upon my Back a load;
 Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Bloud,
 To make my Word and Honour good.
 Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
 For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
 I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
 As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
 In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
 And chast Contemplative Bardashing.
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
 I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
 And th' Under-witch, his Caliban,
 With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
 In hast I snatch'd my weapon up,
 And gave their Hellish Rage a stop;*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel:
 Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear;
 When I as furiously prest on,
 My weapon down his Throat to run,
 Laid hold on him: but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a Goose,
 Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him, but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
 His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.
 But bravely Scorning to defile
 My Sword with feeble bloud and vile;
 I judg'd it better from a Quick-
 Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
 With which I furiously laid on;
 Till in a harsh and dolefull tone
 It roar'd, Ob hold for pity, Sir,
 I am too great a Sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich:
 Who sends me out on many a Faunt,
 Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of Thievery or Love;
 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
 All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
 Kill Pigs and Geese with poudred Glass,
 And make it for Inchantments pass;
 With Cow-itch meazle like a Leper,
 And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper;
 Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
 Commit phantastical Advowtry;
 Bewitch Hermetick-men to run
 Stark staring mad with Manicon;
 Believe Mechanick Virtuosi
 Can raise 'em Mountains in Potosi;*

HUDIBRAS

*And sillier then the Antick Fools,
 Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals:
 Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
 To Quack of Universal Cures;
 With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,
 Make People on their Heads to pass;
 And mighty heaps of Coyn increase,
 Reflected from a single piece:
 To draw in Fools, whose Nat'ral Itches
 Incline perpetually to Witches;
 And keep me in continual Fears,
 And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
 When less Delinquent have been scourg'd,
 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,
 Which others for Cravats have worn
 About their Necks, and took a Turn.
 I pity'd the sad Punishment
 The wretched Caitiffè underwent,
 And held my Drubbing of his Bones
 Too great an honour for Pultrones;
 For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
 From paltry and unequal Foes,
 Who when they slash and cut to pieces,
 Doe all with civillest addresses:
 Their Horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a Leg and Bow.
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
 About the Witch with many a Question.
 Quoth he, For many years he drove
 A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
 Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust
 Of feeble Speculative Lust;
 Procurer to th' Extravagancy
 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.
 By those the Devil had forsook,
 As things below him, to provoke.
 But b'ing a Virtuoso, able
 To Smatter, Quack, and Cant, and Dabble,
 He held his Talent most Adroit
 For any Mystical Exploit;*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*As others of his Tribe had done,
 And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
 For one Predicting Pimp has th' Odds
 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
 But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get,
 For those that doe his business best,
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a Person
 Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
 He serv'd two Prentiships and longer
 I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
 For (as some write) A Witche's Ghost,
 As soon as from the Body loos'd,
 Becomes a Puiny-Imp it self,
 And is another Witche's Elf.
 He after sea[r]ching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
 And, after Hanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,
 And praētis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
 Which he has vary'd more then Witches,
 Or Pharaoh's Wizards could their Switches;
 And all with whom h' has had to doe,
 Turn'd to as Monstrous Figures too.
 Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
 And to this Beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
 He crams in nasty Crevises,
 And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
 To make me relish for Disserts,
 And one by one with Shame and Fear
 Lick up the candid Provender.
 Beside—— But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other Feats h' had done,
 The Lady stopt his full Career,
 And told him, now 'twas time to hear:*

HUDIBRAS

*If half those things (said she) be true,
 (Th' are all (quoth he) I swear by you :)
 Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell ;
 Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
 And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,
 In Quest of you came hither Post,
 Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most ;
 Who told me all you swear and say,
 Quite contrary another way ;
 Vow'd, that you came to him to know
 If you should carry me or no ;
 And would have hir'd him and his Imps,
 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
 T' ingage the Devil on your side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your Bride.
 But he disdain'd to embrace
 So filthy a Design and base,
 You fell to vapouring and buffing,
 And drew upon him, like a Ruffin ;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount his Guard ;
 And left him dead upon the Ground,
 With many a Bruise and desperate wound :
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his House,
 And stole his Talismanique Louse,
 And all his New-found Old Inventions,
 With flat Felonious Intentions ;
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought 'em for and paid ;
 His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese,
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect Minutes made,
 By th' ablest Artists of the Trade ;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost ;
 And all together might amount
 To many hundreds on account :
 For which h' had got sufficient warrant
 To seize the Malefactors Errant,*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*Without capacity of Bail,
 But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
 To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
 Which modern Virtuoso's say,
 Incline to Hanging every way.
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That e're he went in Quest of you,
 He set a Figure to discover
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Your selves and me, you fled this way;
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout.
 He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
 Of all that past before and since:
 And found, that e're you came to him,
 Y' had been ingaging Life and Lim
 About a case of tender Conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own Sense;
 Till Ralpho, by his Light and Grace,
 Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;
 And prov'd that you might swear, and own
 Whatever's by the Wicked done.
 For which, most basely to requite
 The Service of his Gifts and Light,
 You strove t' oblige him by main force,
 To scourge his Ribs in stead of yours,
 But that he stood upon his Guard,
 And all your vapouring outdar'd:
 For which, between you both, the Feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.
 While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
 Turn'd th' Outside of his eyes to white.
 (As men of Inward Light are wont
 To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
 He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to doe:
 Held up his Affidavit hand,
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd:*

HUDIBRAS

Cast tow'rs the Door a ghastly look,
 In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.
Madam, if but one word be true
 Of all the *Wizard* has told you,
 Or but one single Circumstance
 In all th' *Apocryphal Romance*,
 May dreadfull Earthquakes swallow down
 This Vessel, that is all your own;
 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
 These Reliques of your constant Lover.
 You have provided well, quoth *She*,
 (I thank you) for your self and me;
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits.
 A most compendious way and civil,
 At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
 And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then (quoth he) may Hell surprize.
 That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
 But there's a better way of Clearing
 What you would prove then downright Swearing;
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,
 The Blows are visible as yet
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the Action.
 And if you can produce those Knobs,
 Although th' are but the *Witch's Drubs*,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your natural Self had don't.
 Provided that they pass th' Opinion
 Of able *Furies* of old Women,
 Who, us'd to judge all matt'r of Facts
 For Bellies, may doe so for Backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your Love's a Million,
 To doe is less then to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my pow'r,

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*T' obey what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in those that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.*

*I find (quoth she) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word
You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' bold,
Are everlastingly inol'd.
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To race Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven:
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their bus'ness there is onely Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be against its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply,
T' endure the Matrimonial tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;*

HUDIBRAS

*Like Roman Gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover
Gives best security, to suffer.*

*Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd,
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made
Between two Part'ners in a Trade,
([F]or what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low:
And at the best is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid.
And all the rest of Bett'r or worse
Both are but losers out of Purse.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e're was driven,
Or Wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants e're th' are born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:
For which she's fortify'd no less
Then all the Island, with four Seas;
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r
In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
And makes him pass away, to Have
And Hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched then an Ancient Villain,*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
 While all he does upon the By,
 She is not bound to justifie,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the Feats he does at large.
 Such hideous Sots were those obedient
 Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
 To give the Cheats the Eldest hand
 In Foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land;
 For which so many a legal Cuckold
 Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.
 A Law that most unjustly yokes
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
 Without distinction of Degree,
 Condition, Age, or Quality;
 Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
 Nor valuable Consideration,
 Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
 Of Judgement past For better or worse;
 Will not allow the Priviledges
 That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
 Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horses
 Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
 While nothing else but Rem in Re,
 Can set the proudest Wretches free:
 A Slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring.
 As Spiders never seek the Fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply:
 So men are by themselves betray'd,
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their Necks into a Nooze,
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
 As some, whom Death would not depart,
 Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
 Like Indian-Widows, gone to Bed
 In Flaming Curtains to the Dead:
 And Men as often dangled for't,
 And yet will never leave the Sport.*

HUDIBRAS

*Nor do the Ladies want excuse
 For all the Strategems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the Set,
 And lurch the Amorous Rook and Cheat.
 For as a Pythagorean Soul
 Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
 And has a smack of ev'ry one:
 So Love does, and has ever done.
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'r so fond,
 Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
 'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot fit takes the Patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much
 As Ir'n in Greenland does the touch;
 Melts in the Furnace of desire,
 Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
 And when his heat of Fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
 For when he's with Love-powder laden,
 And Prim'd, and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an Eye
 Gives Fire to his Artillery;
 And off the loud Oaths go, but while
 Th' are in the very Act, recoil.
 Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
 Without a sep'rate maintenance:
 And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
 Trust none again, till th' have made over.
 Or if they doe, before they marry,
 The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:
 And e're they venture o're a stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them.
 Whence witty'st Ladies always choose
 To undertake the heaviest Goose.
 For now the World is grown so wary,
 That few of either Sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick t' Amours,
 The Crose and Pile for Bett'r or Worse:
 A Mode that is held honourable,
 As well as French and fashionable.*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In Soul and Body two unite,
 To make up one Hermaphrodite;
 Still Amorous, and fond, and Billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,
 Th' have more Punètilio's and Capriches
 Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
 More petulant Extravagancies,
 Then Poets make 'em in Romances.
 Though, when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
 We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
 For then their late attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as Prick'd Wine;
 And all their Catterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous Piques:
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
 By th' yellow Manto's of the Bride.
 For Jealousie is but a kind
 Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
 The natural effect of Love,
 As other Flames and Aches prove:
 But all the mischief is, the doubt
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For though Chinesees go to Bed,
 And lie in in their Ladies stead,
 And for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to doe more:
 Our Green-men doe it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a Clap;
 Both lay the Child to one another:
 But who's the Father, who the Mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
 Or who imported the French Goods.
 But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both ingag'd before to own,
 And are not with their Bodies bound
 To Worship onely when th' are sound;
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false Wares:*

HUDIBRAS

*A Fate no Lover can divert
 With all his caution, Wit, and Art.
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At Women by Appearances,
 That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
 Of Intellectual Complexions,
 And daub their Tempers o're with Washes
 As artificial as their Faces;
 Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
 And Mother Wits before their Gallants;
 Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
 When all the Flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready, with the Bride,
 That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses
 Her Complaisance and Gentilities;
 Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
 The Government from th' easie owner,
 Until the Wretch is glad to wave
 His lawfull Right, and turn her Slave;
 Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
 Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding,
 The Conjugal Petard, that tears
 Down all Portcullices of Ears,
 And makes the Volly of one Tongue
 For all their Leathern Shields too strong,
 When onely arm'd with Noise and Nails,
 The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
 Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,
 Like Sirens with their charming Notes,
 Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' Husband Mandrake and the Wife,
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.*

*Quoth he, these Reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
 Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
 Do rather wheedle with, then think.
 Man was not Man in Paradise,*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

Untill he was Created twice,
 And had his better half, his Bride,
 Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
 T' amend his Natural defects,
 And perfect his recruited Sex,
 Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
 The Pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares,
 As by his dry'd-up Paps appears.
 His Body, that stupendious Frame,
 Of all the World the Anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact
 In Shape and Symmetry exact.
 Of which the Left and Female side
 Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
 Both joyn'd together with such Art,
 That nothing else but Death can part.
 Those Heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
 And Face, that all the World surprize,
 That dazle all that look upon ye,
 And scorch all other Ladies Tawny;
 Those ravishing and charming Graces,
 Are all made up of two Half Faces,
 That in a Mathematick Line,
 Like those in other Heavens, join.
 Of which if either grew alone,
 'Twould fright as much to look upon :
 And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,
 Without the other's fellowship.
 Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,
 Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears ;
 Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
 To wait upon the Soul design'd.
 But those that serve the Body alone,
 Are single and confin'd to one.
 The World is but two Parts, that meet,
 And close at th' Æquinoctial, fit ;
 And so are all the Works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her signature on Matter :
 Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,

HUDIBRAS

*Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How intirely Marriage is her care,
 The onely method that she uses,
 In all the wonders she produces.
 And those that take their rules from her,
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
 For what secures the Civil Life
 But pawns of Children and a Wife;
 That lie, like Hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all Men undertake?
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breath, to marry;
 So Universal, all Mankind
 In nothing else is of one mind.
 For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
 Was Marriage ever out of Fashion?
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or Vestal Friers, and Cloister'd Nuns,
 Or Stoicks, who, to bar the Freaks
 And loose Excesses of the Sex,
 Preposterously would have all Women
 Turn'd up to all the World in common.
 Though Men would find such mortal Fewds
 In sharing of their publick Goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
 Then th' are supply'd with now by Wives;
 Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
 As Beasts doe, of their Native Growths:
 For simple wearing of their Horns,
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,
 Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
 Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
 But for our Parents settlements.
 Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
 Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
 What Honours, or Estates of Peers
 Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?
 And what security maintains*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*Their Right and Title, but the Banes ?
 What Crowns could be Hereditary,
 If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
 And with their Consorts consummate
 Their weightiest Interests of State ?
 For all th' Amours of Princes are
 But Guarranties of Peace or War.
 Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
 The Rage of Empires to disarm,
 Make Bloud and Desolation cease,
 And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
 When all their fierce contests for Forrage
 Conclude in Articles of Marriage ?
 Nor does the Genial Bed provide
 Less for the Interests of the Bride ;
 Who else had not the least Pretence
 T' as much as Due Benevolence ;
 Could no more Title take upon her
 To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
 Then Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
 And Feme-Coverts to all Mankind.
 All Women would be of one piece,
 The vertuous Matron, and the Miss ;
 The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
 The same with those in Lewkner's-lane ;
 But for the difference Marriage makes
 'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
 Besides, the joys of Place and Birth,
 The Sexes Paradise on Earth ;
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their Mothers yield ;
 But rather then not go before,
 Abandon Heaven at the Door.
 And if th' indulgent Law allows
 A greater freedom to the Spouse ;
 The reason is, because the Wife
 Runs greater hazards of her Life ;
 Is trusted with the Form and Matter
 Of all Mankind by carefull Nature.
 Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,*

HUDIBRAS

*She frames the wondrous Fabrick off:
 Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
 Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
 And make it save her, the same way,
 It seldom misses to betray.
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the Best,
 That is no more then every Lover
 Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
 That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
 But rather (sometime) serves t' improve.
 For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
 Is but between two Legs a Race,
 In which both doe their uttermost
 To get before, and win the Post;
 Yet when th' are at their race's ends,
 Th' are still as kind and constant friends,
 And to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease:
 So all those false Alarms of strife
 Between the Husband and the Wife,
 And little Quarrels, often prove
 To be but new recruits of Love.
 When those wh' are always kind or coy,
 In time must either Tire, or Cloy.
 Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
 Then as th' are relish'd, Sweet, or Sour:
 Like Musick, that proves bad, or good,
 According as 'tis understood.
 In all Amours a Lover burns,
 With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
 And Hearts have been as oft with sullen,
 As charming looks, surpriz'd and stollen.
 Then why should more bewitching Clamour
 Some Lovers not as much enamour?
 For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
 And Curses are a kind of Prayers:
 Too slight Alloys for all those grand*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inrol'd and Registred above,
To seal the slippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.
And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away, and all it has;
And, like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?*

*I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true :
But Millions, whom the same does sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Then Gamesters, when they play a Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight-unseen.
For what doe Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms embrac't,
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking Children are by Elves?
And if they use their Persons so,
What will they to their Fortunes doe?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods—but spoke;*

HUDIBRAS

*(The Formal Livery and Seisin
 That puts a Lover in possession)
 To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
 The Bride a Flam that's superseded.
 To that their Faith is still made good,
 And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
 For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
 W' have nothing left we can call ours.
 Our Money's now become the Miss,
 Of all your Lives and Services ;
 And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,
 But Bawds to what before we own'd.
 Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
 (As we had been) for new Amours.
 For what did ever Heiress yet
 By being born to Lordships get ?
 When the more Ladie sh' is of Mannors,
 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
 Pays for their Projects and Designs,
 And for her own destruction Fines,
 And does but tempt them with her Riches,
 To use her as the Dev'l does Witches ;
 Who takes it for a special Grace,
 To be their Cully for a space,
 That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
 For ever may become his Vassals.
 So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
 Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
 By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds :
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the Thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting Fruits
 Of all your passionate Love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
 To Portions and Inheritances,
 Your Love-sick Raptures for Fruition
 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition ;*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*To which you make Address and Courtsbip,
 And with your Bodies strive to Worship,
 That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
 Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
 For these, you play at Purposes,
 And love your Loves with A's and B's:
 For these, at Beast and L'hombre woove,
 And play for Love and Money too;
 Strive who shall be the ablest Man
 At right Gallanting of a Fan,
 And who the most Gentilely bred
 At sucking of a Vizard Bead,
 How best t' accost us in all Quarters
 T' our question-and-command New Garters,
 And solidly discourse upon
 All sorts of Dresses Pro and Con.
 For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
 But in the Art of Love is made.
 And when you have more Debts to pay
 Then Michaelmas and Lady-day,
 And no way possible to do 't,
 But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
 Of all your cully'd past Amours;
 Aet o're your Flames and Darts again,
 And charge us with your wounds and pain,
 Which others influences long since
 Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins;
 For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid.
 Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
 How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
 What Graces must that Lady have,
 That can from Executions save!
 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
 And null Decree and Exigent!
 What Magical Attraets and Graces,
 That can redeem from Scire facias;
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!*

HUDIBRAS

*These are the highest Excellencies
Of all our true or false Pretences.
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t' an Hostess Dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.*

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
*For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.*
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious Quaking,
Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage, Sir Knight,*
*Know I'm resolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here my self stand Sentinel,*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*To guard this Pass 'gainst Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn tail:
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperat'st Attacks.*

At this the Knight grew resolute
As *Iron-side* or *Hardy-knute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cri'd aloud, to sally.
But she besought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortifi'd behind a Door,
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Then ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face.
'This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*:
Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,

HUDIBRAS

T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
 Few minutes had he lain perdue,
 To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
 Before he heard a dreadfull shout,
 As loud as putting to the Rout ;
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fansi'd th' Enemy had storm'd,
 And after entring *Sidrophel*
 Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
 He therefore sent out all his Senses,
 To bring him in Intelligences.
 Which Vulgars out of ignorance
 Mistake, for falling in a Trance :
 But those that trade in *Geomancy*,
 Affirm to be the strength of Fancy :
 In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
 And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortress.
 And as another of the same
 Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
 That in the same Cause had ingag'd,
 And War with equal conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring onely but to thrust
 His Head a Span beyond his Post,
 B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
 Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears :
 So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
 As if they scorn'd to trade and barter,
 By giving or by taking Quarter :
 They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
 Until his Scouts came in t' his aid.
 For when a *Man is past his Sense*,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twindging him by th' *Ears* or *Nose*,
 Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.

THIRD PART, CANTO I

And if that will not doe the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof.
*Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lies,
The Brethrens Privilege, (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent
For just Revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession.
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladie's Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony—?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' enchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Crony Witches:
That in return would pay th' expence,
The Wear-and-tear of Conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he) then I love you.
How wouldst th' have us'd her, and her Money?
First, turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, of purpose, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's-making-over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out,*

HUDIBRAS

*T' imploy their Sorceries about?
 That which makes Gamesters play with those
 Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
 But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
 As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?
 I see you take me for an Ass:
 'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
 Upon a Woman well enough,
 As 't has been often found by Proof;
 Whose Humours are not to be won
 But when they are impos'd upon.
 For Love approves of all they doe
 That stand for Candidates, and wooe.
 Why didst thou forge those shamefull Lies,
 Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?
 That is no more then Authours give
 The Rabble credit to Believe;
 A Trick of Following their Leaders,
 To entertain their Gentle Readers.
 And we have now no other way
 Of passing all we doe or say;
 Which when 'tis natural and true,
 Will be believ'd b' a very few.
 Beside the danger of offence,
 The fatal enemy of Sense.
 Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,
 Hypocrisie, to set up in?
 Because it is the thriving'st Calling,
 The onely Saints-Bell that rings all in,
 In which all Churches are concern'd,
 And is the easiest to be learn'd.
 For no degrees, unless th' imploy 't,
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't.
 A Gift that is not onely able
 To domineer among the Rabble,
 But by the Law's impowr'd to rout
 And aw the greatest that stand out.
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip, and come too near.
 For no Sin else among the Saints*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy Plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
Then all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation:
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'r come there,
Because w' have let them out by th' year.
Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So you are like to be agen
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy Scholar in this Mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? —A Livelibood.
What renders Beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness? —Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience? —'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more
Then th' Epidemical'st Plague-sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? —To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true Believing
Against a Conscience? —A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings

HUDIBRAS

*A Good Old Cause? Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox? Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The most notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?
'Cause Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They should be suffer'd to espouse.
For Saints can need no Conscience
That with Morality dispense;
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature onel', and not imputed.
But why the Wicked should doe so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What's Liberty of Conscience,
I' th' Natural and Genuine Sense?
'Tis to restore with more security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a Large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with None.*

*It is enough (quoeth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'r a Trick,
(Though he gave 's Name to our Old Nick)*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' World for Holiness.*

This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of Brimstone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moist and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed and take her rest.
When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
Deni'd his Bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:
And though he shut his Eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By Santring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in Conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deni'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.

HUDIBRAS

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
 As meant to him this Reprimand,
 Because the Character did hit
 Point-blank upon his Case so fit;
 Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
 That staid upon the Guards that Night,
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt
 The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
 When, after a short Pause and Grone,
 The dolefull Spirit thus went on.
*This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
 Pelmell together by the Ears;
 And after painfull Bangs and Knocks,
 To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
 And from the Pinnacle of Glory,
 Fall headlong into Purgatory:*
 (Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
 That on my late Disasters Rallies.)
*Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more Heroick-minded;
 And at a Riding handled worse,
 With Treats more slovenly and course;
 Ingag'd with Fiends in stubborn Wars,
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers;
 And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away.*
 (I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
 Would fain steal me too from my self,
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done :)
*And now but ventring to betray,
 Hast met with Vengeance the same way.*
 Thought he, How does the Devil know
 What 'twas that I design'd to doe?
 His *Office of Intelligence,*
 His *Oracles* are ceas'd long since :
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,
 But what some treacherous Spy acquaints.
 This is some Pettifogging Fiend,
 Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,

THIRD PART, CANTO I

That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the Second hand;
 And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,
 And all mens dark Concerns fore-know.
 I think I need not fear him for't:
 These Rallying Devils doe no hurt.
 With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
 And hastily cri'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (quoth he) *whom want of Grace*
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better then thou hast guest of me.
Thou art some paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to doe in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to doe.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your Diversion dull Dry Bobbing;
T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for 't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Fest you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) *y' are no such Sophy*
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our Talents
I' th' Standard of your own false Balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest

HUDIBRAS

*With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
In all adventures as your Squire.*

*Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token
To your Low-Countrey Hogen Mogen,
To whose Infernal Shores I hope
He'l swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) then he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected say of you,
Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Then other Perj'ries doe the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.
And that's the Reason Cov'nanters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds
Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents doe
Is onely what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,*

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*But must have Armies rais'd, to back
 The Gospel-work you undertake:
 As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
 Were th' onely Engines to save Souls.
 While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
 By force to run down and devour;
 Has ne'r a Classis, cannot sentence
 To Stools or Poundage of Repentance;
 Is ti'd up onely to Design,
 T' Intice, and Tempt, and Undermine:
 In which you all his Arts out-doe,
 And prove your selves his Betters too.
 Hence 'tis Possessions doe less evil
 Then mere Temptations of the Devil,
 Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
 Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
 Because unless you help the Elf,
 He can doe little of himself:
 And therefore where he's best Possest,
 Acts most against his Interest;
 Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
 To turn him out, and Exorcists,
 Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
 And Magazines of Ammunition,
 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
 Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
 The Tools of working out Salvation
 By meer Mechanick Operation,
 With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
 To overflow all Avenues.
 But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
 T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprize,
 Although his falsest Enemies;
 But is content to be their Drudge,
 And on their Errands glad to trudge.
 For where are all your Forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but Jailours of the Holes
 And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;*

HUDIBRAS

*Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathemae;
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o're
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Then all your Covenanting Trustees:
Unless to punish them the worse,
You put them in the Secular Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on Soul and Body too.*

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has past between your Friends and ours;
That as you trust us in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to Hang themselves or Drown,
Or, frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onel' have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to doe more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
To be ungratefull in return
Of all those kind good Offices,

THIRD PART, CANTO I

*I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows and the Morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
And if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' Inchant'd Hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Gresham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
In danger of Relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its Aid,
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge.
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back,
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,
Through which he dragg'd the worsted Souldiers
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale in stead of Rack,
But ne'r a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,*

HUDIBRAS

And let the Night too steal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.
And groping out for *Ralpho's* Jade,
He found the Saddle too was straid,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He Kick'd and Cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders*, to secure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

THIRD PART, CANTO II

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO

Of the Third Part.

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm:
Till, in th' Effigie of RUMPS, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Insect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees*,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House;
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermine did at first proceed.
So, e'r the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That first run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,

HUDIBRAS

Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other way :
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Intr'est for their common good,
Could, when their Profits interfear'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But onely by the ears engag'd :
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow slack ;
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws ;
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd :
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-cry*.
For *Presbyter* and *Independent*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their Apostolick Functions
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their Precious Gifts and Graces
On *Out-lawries* and *Scire facias* ;
At *Michael's Term* had many a Trial,
Worse then the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,
Where thousands fell, in shape of Fees,

THIRD PART, CANTO II

Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.
For when, like Brethren and Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to possess
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,
In which the Ablest Saint and Best
Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,
To pay their Money, and, in stead
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the Deed ;
He straight converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,
And settled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and 's *Heirs* ;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail* of *Providence* ;
Impeach'd the Rest for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Estates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on ;
And laid about as hot and Brainsick
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanswick* ;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of old ;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Then all unsanctifi'd Trustees :
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow ;
Or both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,

HUDIBRAS

To strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up Teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlightned men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the *Cavalier* ;
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick* ;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.
The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with New Light,
Had store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for *bett'r or worse* ;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* (whose first station
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid,
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*)
No sooner got the Start to lurch
Both Disciplines, of *War* and *Church*,
And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints ;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T' Attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Façtions with Alarms,

THIRD PART, CANTO II

But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
 Wh' had compast all they Praid, and Swore,
 And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
 And all things but their *Laws and Hate*.
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoils of all th' had ransackt,
 To Botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the War had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,
Subvert, Extirpate, and Demolish.
 For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
 As *Dutch-Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
 Both Parties join'd to doe their best,
 To Damn the Publick Interest;
 And Hearded onely in Consults
 To put by one anothers Bolts,
 T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
 At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
 And tug at both ends of the Saw,
 To tear down Government and Law.
 For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
 Are both defeated of their Aim:
 So those who play a *Game of State*,
 And onely *Cavil* in Debate,
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,
 The Publick Business is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to Ruine.
 This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,
 (Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the Right they had paid down
 So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*,)
 Th' united constanter, and Sided
 The more, the more their Foes divided.
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the Fate of War run down;

HUDIBRAS

Their Duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game ;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in evil,
 Their *Adversaries* and the *Devil*,
 Began once more to shew them Play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,
 They Rallied in Parades of Woods,
 And unfrequented Solitudes,
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
 T' appoint *New-rising Rendezvouses*,
 And with a Pertinacy unmatched
 For new Recruits of Danger watch'd :
 No sooner was one Blow diverted,
 But up another Party started.
 And, as if Nature too in haste,
 To furnish out Supplies as fast,
 Before her time had turn'd Destruction
 T' a new and numerous Production ;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their Room,
 That, like the Christian Faith, increast
 The more, the more they were Suppress :
 Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd Experiments,
 Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
 To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
 From staking Life and Fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown ;
 But kept the Title of their Cause
 From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws ;
 And prov'd no Prosp'rous Usurpation
 Can ever settle on the Nation,

THIRD PART, CANTO II

Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loy'ty in Possession ;
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the Mighty men of *Gath*.

Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign* ;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral men and Miscreants,
To Founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry* :
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False *Heaven* at the *End o' th' Hall* ;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His Precious Reliques to Translate.
So *Romulus* was seen before
B' as Orthodox a *Senator* ;
From whose Divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent* :
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The onely *Crutch* on which *he leant* ;
And then Sunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from th' *Ægyptian Awe*
Of *Justice, Government, and Law*,
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To Edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up

HUDIBRAS

Upon their *Mother-Churche's* Top,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations since ;
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures :
For when they came to shape the *Model*,
Not one could fit another's Noddle ;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging then th' Unsanctifi'd ;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the Maddest and most Crackt
Were found the busiest to Transact.
For though most Hands dispatch apace,
And *make light work*, (the Proverb says)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects ;
And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Legs.

Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King *Jesus* : Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert* ;
Some for the *Rump*, and some, more crafty,
For *Agitatours* and *the Safety* ;
Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That swore to any Humane Regence
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*,
Yea though the Ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant :
Others for pulling down th' High places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Classes*,
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like Bloudy *Nimrods* :
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise ;
And some against th' *Ægyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage* :

THIRD PART, CANTO II

Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
 And rectifying Bakers Loaves ;
 And some for finding out Expedients
 Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.
 Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,
 And some for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
 And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.
 Some were for carrying on the Work
 Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk* :
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The *Camisado of Surplices*,
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward* ;
 More proper for the cloudy Night
 Of *Popery*, then *Gospel-Light*.
 Others were for Abolishing
 That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
 With which th' unsanctifi'd *Bridegroom*
 Is marri'd onely to a *Thumb* ;
 (As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
 That uses to break up ground and Dig ;)
 The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
 That nulls the After-marriage still.
 Some were for th' utter Extirpation
 Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation ;
 And some against all Idolizing
 The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
 Others, to make all things recant
 The *Christian* or *Surname* of Saint ;
 And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,
 The *Holy Title* to renounce.
 Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls*,
 And bringing down the Price of Coals.
 Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,
 And eating nothing with the Bloud in ;
 To abrogate them Roots and Branches :
 While others were for *eating Haunches*
 Of *Warriors*, and *now* and *then*
 The *Flesh of Kings* and *Mighty men* ;

HUDIBRAS

And some for Breaking of their Bones
 With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones*;
 For Thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
 For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.
 Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
 But made the Wicked sore afeard of.
 The Quacks of Government (who sate
 At th' unregarded *Helm of State*,
 And understood, this wild Confusion
 Of fatal Madness and Delusion
 Must, sooner then a Prodigie,
 Portend Destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw
 And save their Wind-pipes from the Law:
 For one Rencounter at the Bar
 Was worse then all th' had scap'd in War:
 And therefore met in Consultation,
 To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
 Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
 More wise then fumbling Arteries;
 Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
 And from the Grave recover—*Gain*.
 'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
 With more Heads then a *Beast in Vision*,
 And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
 Then all the *Whores of Babylon*;
 So politick, as if one eye
 Upon the other were a Spy;
 That to trapan the one to think
 The other Blind, both strove to blink:
 And in his dark Pragmatick way
 As busie as a Child at Play.
 H' had seen three Governments Run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one,
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,
 But Barb'rous when they came to fall:
 For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
 He made his Int'rest with the New one;

THIRD PART, CANTO II

Plaid true and faithfull, though against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the Start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'r came too late :
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath ;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' highest Trust, and out for New.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
In stead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And past upon a Government,
He play'd his trick and out he went :
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The Publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks ; he spoil'd his Game,
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To shew his play at *Fast and Loose* ;
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most Profound
At Deeds of Darkness under ground :
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as *Old Sinners* have all Points

HUDIBRAS

O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints,
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better then by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons :
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel Pain
Some days before a Showr of Rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' *insure his Throat* ;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What Courses other Riskers took ;
And to the utmost doe his best
To save himself, and Hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As busie and perverse a Brother,
An Haberdasher of Small wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs ;
More *Jew* then *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel :
For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further ;
So sullenly addicted still
To's onely Principle, *his Will*,
That whatsoe'r it chanc'd to prove,
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miss his dear delight, to wrangle :
In which his Parts were so accomlisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'r was non-plust ;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,

THIRD PART, CANTO II

And with its Everlasting Clack
 Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to Pickere,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he ingag'd in *Controversie* :
 Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
 But indefatigable Teazing ;
 With Volleys of eternal Babble,
 And Clamour more unanswerable.
 For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
 Could [ne'er] amount above a Freak :
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
 Against the desperat'st Assaults ;
 And back'd their feeble want of Sense
 With greater Heat and Confidence :
 As Bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
 The more th' are *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
 Yet when his Profit moderated,
 The fury of his Heat abated :
 For nothing but his Interest
 Could lay his Devil of Contest.
 It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
 T' espouse the Cause for *Bett'r or worse* ;
 And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
 And *Soul*, and *Body*, worshipp'd it :
 But when he found the sullen *Trapes*
 Possest with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*,
 The *Trojan Mare* in Fole with *Greeks*
 Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,
 Though Squeamish in her outward Woman,
 As loose and rampant as *Dol common* ;
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
 And still the skittisher and looser
 Her Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.
 For *Fools are stubborn in their way* ;
 As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay* :
 And Obstinacy 's ne'r so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

HUDIBRAS

These two, with others, being met,
 And close in Consultation set;
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The Oratour we mention'd late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of State,
 Then with his own impatience,
 To give himself first Audience,
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke silence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, *There's nothing makes me doubt*
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More then to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead:
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own sense, onely swore
To strive to run away before?
And now would prove, the Words and Oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and Mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't:
And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient, — (I mean, Margret's Fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd.
Else why should Tumults fright us now,

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame,
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
 Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us.
 For all our Scouring of Religion
 Began with Tumults and Sedition;
 When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
 Became strong Motives to Devotion;
 (As Carnal Seamen in a Storm
 Turn pious Converts, and reform;)
 When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
 Maintain'd our feeble Priviledges,
 And brown Bills levied in the City
 Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee;
 When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
 Gave chase to Rochets and White Sleeves,
 And made the Church and State and Laws
 Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.
 And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
 So might we better now agen,
 If we know how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need.
 Tumults by which the Mutinous
 Betray themselves in stead of us;
 The Hollow-hearted Disaffected,
 And Close Malignant are detected;
 Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
 For Pledges to secure our own,
 And freely sacrifice their Ears,
 T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.
 And yet for all these Providences
 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
 We idly sit, like stupid Block-heads,
 Our hands committed to our Pockets,
 And nothing but our Tongues at large,*

HUDIBRAS

*To get the Wretches a discharge,
Like men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, e'r the blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand, or fall (at least) together :
No mean nor trivial solaces
To Partners in extream distress,
Who use to lessen their Despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.*

*But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, Despair;
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greatest streights,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By b'ing courageously out-brav'd.
As Wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And Poisons by themselves expell'd.
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, Men;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against our selves with Fate :
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.*

*This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*To be excus'd the Efficace,
For Spiritual men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like Mahomet in th' Air,
Or St. Ignatius at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And since Obedience is better
(The Scripture says) then Sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question.*

*Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the Bells;
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem.
But look so big and over-grown,
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones and sanctifi'd expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on those that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes:
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Then Dogs and Cats do Sowgelders.
For who first bred them up to Pray,
And Teach, the House of Commons way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases?
Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who e'r had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Bifield.*

HUDIBRAS

*And had They not begun the War,
 Th' had ne'r been Sainted as they are.
 For Saints in Peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to Reprobate:
 Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,
 In th' Intervals of War and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its Edge,
 Without the Pow'r of Sacriledge.
 And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
 As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
 That in a while grow out agen,
 In Peace they turn meer Carnal men,
 And from the most Refn'd of Saints,
 As naturally grow Miscreants,
 As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese
 In th' Islands of the Orcades.
 Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
 For their conforming to the Wicked;
 With whom their greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew, then sense.
 For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
 Of Heaven, wears three Crowns in state;
 So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
 Proud Cerberus, wears three Heads as well:
 And, if the World has any troth,
 Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over-heated Sots
 In Fevers still, like other Goats.
 For though the Whore bends Hereticks
 With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
 Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods,
 With fierce and pertinacious fewds.
 For Zeal's a dreadfull Termagant,
 That teaches Saints to Tear and Rant,
 And Independents, to profess
 The Doctrin of Dependences;*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones :
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of sin ;
But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood ;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause :
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'r amount to Persecution.
Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
In stead of Kings and Mighty men?
When Fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When Bel's at Union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor Friends with Dagon,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal ;
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of Gallowses and Ropes
Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while?
At least until th'had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,*

HUDIBRAS

*Without the danger of Surprise
By both our common Enemies?*

*This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Non-sense,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'r restore.
We whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation onely of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine;
Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Bloud,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as Ministerial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.*

*And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Carts-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Vessels, like a New-
Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for b'ing true.
But hand in hand, like faithfull Brothers,
Held forth the Cause against all others,*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*Disdaining equally to yield
 One Syllable of what we held.
 And though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward Men :
 Our inward Men and constant Frame
 Of Spirit still were near the same.
 And till they first began to Cant,
 And Sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'r had Call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free-Grace ;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the Common Enemy :
 Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
 Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.
 And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
 And outward shew of Church-Communion,
 They'l ne'r admit us to our shares,
 Of Ruling Church or State Affairs ;
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own Conditions of Repentance :
 But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
 We had so painfully Preach'd down ;
 And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
 T' have Calls to teach it up again.
 For 'twas but Justice to Restore
 The Wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way,
 W' had been ungratefull not to pay :
 Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
 Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
 And put our Vessels in a way,
 Once more to come again in Play.
 For if the turning of us out,
 Has brought this Providence about,
 And that our onely Suffering
 Is able to bring in the King :
 What would our Aëtions not have done,
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share
 At least in carrying on th' Affair.*

HUDIBRAS

*But whether that be so or not,
 W' have done enough to have it thought;
 And that's as good as if w' had don't,
 And easier past upon account.
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The World is nat'rally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows Non-sense and a Lie
 With greediness and gluttony;
 And though it have the Pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong:
 As Women long, when th' are with Child,
 For things extravagant and wild,
 For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom,
 But seldom any thing that's wholsom;
 And, like the World, Men's Fobbernoles
 Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
 And what th' are confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controll'd.*

*And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
 Once more, to hedge in Providence.
 For, as Relapses make Diseases
 More desp'rate than their first Accesses;
 If we but get again in Pow'r,
 Our Work is easier than before;
 And we more ready and expert
 I'th' Mystery, to do our Part.
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first War to create, than make:
 And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on;
 Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
 With Plots and Projects of our own:
 And if we did such Feats at first,
 What can we now w'are better vers'd?
 Who have a freer Latitude
 Than Sinners give themselves allow'd?
 And therefore likeliest to bring in*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*On fairest Terms, our Discipline.
 To which it was reveal'd long since,
 We were ordain'd by Providence:
 When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
 The Cause's Primitive Confessors,
 B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
 In just so many Years of Blood:
 That multipli'd by Six, express'd
 The perfect Number of the Beast.
 And prov'd that we must be the Men,
 To bring this Work about agen:
 And those who laid the first Foundation,
 Compleat the thorow Reformation:
 For who have Gifts to carry on
 So great a Work, but we alone?
 What Churches have such able Pastors?
 And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Masters?
 Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
 O'r Brethren's Purses and Opinions?
 And trusted with the Double Keys
 Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses:
 Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
 Can furnish out what Sums they please,
 That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
 To be dispos'd at their Commands:
 And daily increase and multiply,
 With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
 All other Heads of Cattel are;)
 From th'Enemy of all Religions,
 As well as High and Low Conditions;
 And share them from Blew Ribbands down.
 To all Blew Aprons in the Town.
 From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
 With Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
 To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
 Our Party's great, and better ti'd
 With Oaths, and Trade, than any side:
 Has one considerabl' Improvement,*

HUDIBRAS

*To double fortifie the Cov'nant :
 I mean our Covenants to purchase
 Delinquents Titles and the Churches :
 That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
 Among our selves, for Current Land.
 And Rise or Fall, like Indian Actions,
 According to the Rate of Façons :
 Our best Reserve for Reformation,
 When New-Outgoings give occasion :
 That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their Creed) t'assert :
 And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' Expedient,
 Who can already muster Friends,
 To serve for Members, to our Ends :
 That represent no part o'th' Nation,
 But Fisher's-Folly Congregation :
 Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
 And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs :
 Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
 T'out-fast, out-leiter, and out-sit :
 Can order matters under hand,
 To put all Bus'ness to a stand :
 Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the Great and Necessary,
 With Trifles to contest and vary ;
 And make the Nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parliament ;
 Cut out more Work than can be done
 On Plato's Year ; but finish none,
 Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
 That always past for Fundamental.
 Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
 To squander time away, and Bandy.
 Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
 To one another's Privileges ;
 And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their Ruins ; th' only Scope*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*And Consolation of our Hope :
 Who, though we do not play the Game,
 Assist as much by giving Aim.
 Can introduce our ancient Arts,
 For Heads of Façons, t'act their Parts.
 Know what a Leading-Voice is worth ;
 A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth :
 How much a Casting Vote comes to,
 That turns up Trump, of I, or No ;
 And by adjusting all at th' End,
 Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
 An Art that so much Study cost,
 And now's in danger to be lost ;
 Unless our Ancient Virtuoso's,
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.
 These are the Courses that we took
 To carry things, by Hook, or Crook :
 And practis'd down from Forty four,
 Until they turn'd us out of Door ;
 Besides the Herds of Boutefeus,
 We set on work, without the House.
 When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
 Kept Legislative Journey-men,
 To bring them in Intelligence
 From all Points of the Rabble's Sense ;
 And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
 With Politick Important Buzzes :
 Set up Committees of Cabals,
 To pack Designs without the Walls.
 Examine, and draw up all News,
 And fit it to our present Use.
 Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
 And every one his Part rehearse.
 Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
 What th' other Parties like to say :
 What Repartees, and smart Reflections
 Shall be return'd to all Objections :
 And who shall break the Master-Fest,
 And what, and how, upon the rest :
 Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,*

HUDIBRAS

*Of Proper Slanders and Seditions :
 And Treason for a Token send,
 By Letter, to a Country Friend.
 Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
 That Men, like Burglary, commit :
 Wit, falser than a Padder's Face,
 That all its Owner does, betrays :
 Who therefore dare not trust it, when
 He's in his Calling, to be seen.
 Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
 To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
 Be sure to keep up Congregations,
 In spite of Laws and Proclamations ;
 For Chiarlatans can do no good,
 Until th' are mounted in a Crowd :
 And when th' are punish'd, all the Hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't ;
 As long as Confessors are sure
 Of double Pay for all th' endure :
 And what they earn in Persecution,
 Are paid t'a Groat in Contribution.
 Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made
 In Powdring-Tubs, their richest Trade :
 And while they kept their Shops in Prison,
 Have found their Prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least Regret
 For all the Christian Blood w'have let ;
 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
 Our Title, to do so again :
 That needs not cost one Dram of Sense,
 But Pertinacious Impudence :
 Our Constancy t'our Principles,
 In time, will wear out all things else ;
 Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
 With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kisses :
 While those who turn and wind their Oaths
 Have swell'd, and sunk like other Froths.
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
 Before from World to World they swung :
 As they had turn'd from side, to side ;*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

And as the Changelings liv'd they died.

*This said ; the impatient States-Monger
 Could now contain himself no longer ;
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Picques,
 Against th' Haranguers Politicks ?
 With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
 And Annotations of Grimaces,
 After h'had ministred a Dose
 Of Snuff-Mundungus, to his Nose ;
 And powder'd th'inside of his Skull,
 Instead of th'outward Jobbernol :
 He shook it, with a scornful Look
 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke.
 In Dressing a Calve's Head, although
 The Tongue and Brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange, if ever they come near :
 For, who did ever play his Gambols,
 With such unsufferable Rambles ?
 To make the bringing in the King,
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?
 Which none can do, but those who swore
 T'as Point-blank Non-sense heretofore :
 That to Defend was to Invade,
 And to Assassinate, to Aid :
 Unless because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a Doubt)
 No Pow'r is able to restore
 And bring him in, but on your Score.
 A Spiritual Doctrin, that conduces
 Most properly, to all your Uses.
 'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
 To cure the Wounds the Vermine made ;
 And Weapons drest with Salves, restore
 And heal the Hurts they gave before :
 But whether Presbyterians have
 So much Good Nature as the Salve,
 Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
 Those who have tri'd 'em can determine.*

HUDIBRAS

*Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
 Th' Arrears of all your Services,
 And for th' Eternal Obligation
 Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation :
 Bus'd so unconscionable hard,
 As not to find a Just Reward.
 For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
 To rage just so far, but no further :
 And setting all the Land on fire,
 To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher :
 For vent'ring to assassinate,
 And cut the Throats of Church and State :
 And not be allow'd the fittest Men
 To take the Charge of both agen.
 Especially, that have the Grace
 Of Self-denying, Gifted Face ;
 Who, when your Projects have miscarri'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
 On those you painfully trepann'd,
 And sprinkled in at Second Hand.
 As we have been, to share the Guilt
 Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt ;
 For so our Ignorance was flam'd,
 To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd :
 Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon ;
 And win your Necks upon the Set,
 As well as ours, who did but Bet :
 (For he had drawn your Ears before,
 And nick'd 'em on the self-same Score :)
 We threw the Box and Dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul Play :
 And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
 And Fancy only, on the By.
 Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
 From pearching upon lofty Poles :
 And rescued all your Outward Traitors
 From hanging up like Allegators :
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
 Your Presbyterian Gratitude :*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one Rope behind.
 Those were your Motives to divide,
 And scruple, on the other side,
 To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
 To Fits of Conscience and Remorse.
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for New again:
 For Truth no more unvail'd your Eyes,
 Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
 And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
 Are but Apocryphal, and False,
 To charge us with the Consequences
 Of all your Native Insolences.
 That to your own Imperious Wills,
 Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels:
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for Precedent:
 T'amend its Errors and Defects,
 With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the Book, to sow upon:
 And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use:
 As Mahomet (your Chief) began
 To mix them in the Alchoran:
 Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
 And bended Elbows on the Cushion:
 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
 And Gifted-Mortifying Groans:
 Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
 As Pigs are said to see the Wind:
 Fill'd Bedlam with Predestination,
 And Knights-Bridge with Illumination:
 Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloody Bones or Lunsford.
 While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd,
 For being to Malignants marri'd:
 Transform'd all Wives to Dalilahs,
 Whose Husbands were not for the Cause:*

HUDIBRAS

*And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel,
Because they came not out to Battel:
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.*

*Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like Orpheus;
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
T'obey and follow your Commands:
And settle on a New Free-hold,
As Marcly-Hill had done of Old.
Could turn the Covenant, and translate
The Gospel into Spoons and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th'intricatest Places:
Could Catechise a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox;
Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias, the wicked Mammon.*

*And yet, in spight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up, in Arms;
And raise more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y'were able to cast out:
Y'have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools;
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.
By whom you have been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command:
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd.
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate:
And spirited out of th'Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments;*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution;
And though, most Righteously opprest,
Against your Wills, still acquiest:
And never Hum'd and Hab'd Sedition,
Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Misprision.
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas, you were no longer able
To raise your Posse of the Rabble:
One single Red-Coat Sentinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Disposing of Out-goings;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One Farthings-worth of Consequence.*

*For, had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the means.
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep your selves in pow'r
T'advance the Interests of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.*

*'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;*

HUDIBRAS

*For 'twas your zealous want of Sense,
 And sanctifi'd Impertinence:
 Your carrying business in a Huddle,
 That forc'd our Rulers to New-Model;
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
 To Reformado, One and All,
 T'your Great Croysado, General:
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour
 Before, 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r.
 That sprung the Game you were to set,
 Before y'had time to draw the Net:
 Your spite to see the Churches Lands
 Divided into other Hands.
 And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
 Laid out on Tickets and Debentures;
 Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
 By Under Churches in the Town.
 And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
 Nor th' Independants spreading Growths.
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
 None bring him in so much as you.
 Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
 Their Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;
 That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
 Than all their own rash Politicks.
 And this way you may claim a Share,
 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;
 Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews,
 From Pharo, and his Brick-kills-loose:
 And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
 From Task-Masters, and Slavery:
 Were likelier to do the Feat,
 In any indiffrent Man's Conceit;
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation;
 That is, the King's and Churches Lands
 Were sequestred int'other Hands?
 For, only then, and not before.
 Your Eyes were opened to restore.*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*And when the Work was carrying on,
 Who crost it, but your selves alone?
 As, by a World of Hints, appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
 But first o'th' first; The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny't;
 Where Hinderson, and th'other Masses,
 Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases,
 To pass for Deep and Learned Scholars;
 Although but Paltry, Ob-and-Sollers:
 As if th'unseasonable Fools
 Had been a Coursing in the Schools;
 Until th'had prov'd the Devil Author
 O'th' Covenant; and the Cause, his Daughter:
 For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
 Of all the Blood that had been spilt;
 They did not mean, He wrought th'Effusion
 In Person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson;
 But only those, who first begun
 The Quarrel, were by him set on.
 And who could those be but the Saints,
 Those Reformation-Termegants?
 But e'er this past, the wise Debate
 Spent so much time, it grew too late;
 For Oliver had gotten Ground,
 T'enclose them, with his Warriors, round:
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd the untimely Sophists out.
 Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
 Of Non-sence in't, and sottishness,
 When from a Scoundrel Holder forth,
 The Scum, as well as Son o'th' Earth,
 Your Mighty Senators took Law
 At his Command, were forc'd t'withdraw;
 And sacrifice the Peace o'th' Nation
 To Doctrine, Use and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant Cronies,
 Th'Espousers of your Cause, and Monies:
 Who had so often, in your Aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid;*

HUDIBRAS

*Came in at last, for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
You basely left them, and the Church,
Th'had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what Utensils y'have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but He can bring in you.
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.*

*Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times:
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side, to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in Out-of-fashion'd Cloaths:
And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linnen.*

*For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While Pow'r usurp'd like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.*

And so may we, if w'have but Sense

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches;
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your Inward Sense, and Outward,
Are worse, than if y'had none, accoutred.*

*I grant, all Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, How?
'Tis true! w'have Money, th'only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things.
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all Advantages that way;
As long as Men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well.
Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice,
T'expose to Sale; beside the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t'Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by Casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more:
And by the unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments.*

HUDIBRAS

For, when w'are taken into Trust,
 How easie are the Wisest choust?
 Who see but th'out-sides of our Feats,
 And not their secret Springs and Weights;
 And while th'are busie at their ease,
 Can carry what Designs we please:
 How easie is't to serve for Agents,
 To prosecute our old Engagements?
 To keep the Good Old Cause on Foot,
 And present Power from taking Root?
 Inflame them both with false Alarms,
 Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms;
 To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
 For healing up of Side to Side.
 Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
 For both their Interests, by Turns.
 The only way t'improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none;
 (As Bowls run true, by being made
 Of purpose false, and to be sway'd)
 For, if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together:
 And therefore have no other Means,
 To stand upon our own Defence;
 But keeping up our Ancient Party
 In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:
 To reconcile our late Dissenters,
 Our Brethren, though by other Venters,
 Unite them, and their different Maggots,
 As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.
 And make them joyn again as close,
 As when they first began t'Espouse;
 Erect them into Separate,
 New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State;
 To joyn in Marriage and Commerce,
 And only among themselves Converse.
 And all that are not of their Mind,
 Make Enemies to all Mankind:
 Take all Religions in and stickle,
 From Conclave, down to Conventicle;

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conscience,
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense :
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary :
And stand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit :
Protect their Emissaries, impow'r'd
To preach Sedition and the Word :
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
Release the Lab'ers for the Cause ;
And turn the Persecution back,
On those that made the first Attack.*

*To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law ;
And when they have their Fits too soon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon :
Put off their Zeal t'a fitter Season,
For sowing Faction in, and Treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Blessed Time shall come,
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fift-Monarchy, once more ;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Against Revolts of Providence ;
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen :
For, if Success could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants :
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.*

*These are the Courses we must run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone :
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.*

HUDIBRAS

*But do our Work, as out of sight,
 As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
 All Licence of the People own,
 In opposition to the Crown.
 And for the Crown as fiercely side,
 The Head and Body to divide;
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind:
 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
 On all Emergencies that happen;
 For 'tis as easie to supplant
 Authority, as Men in want:
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other Trade;
 Gain'd vastly, by their Joint-Endeavour;
 The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver:
 And what the one, by tricks, fore-stall'd,
 The other, by as sly, Retail'd.
 For Gain has wonderful Effects,
 T'improve the Façtory of Sects;
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And great Diana of the Ephesians:
 Whence turning of Religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a Trade.
 And though some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a Course;
 And draw in store of Customers,
 To thrive the better in Commerce:
 For, all Religions flock together,
 Like Tame, and Wild-Fowl of a Feather;
 To nab the Itches of their Sects:
 As Fades do one another's Necks.
 Hence 'tis, Hypocrisie, as well,
 Will serve t'improve a Church, as Zeal:
 As Persecution, or Promotion,
 Do equally advance Devotion.*

*Let Business, like ill Watches, go,
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow:
 For, things in order are put out*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*So easie, Ease it self will do't.
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th'event?
For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.*

*All possible occasions start,
The Weighty'st Matters to divert :
Obstruēt, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle :
But in Affairs of less Import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply :
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.*

*But still be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own :
The least Miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State :
Express the horrid'st Detestation,
And pity the distracted Nation.
Tell Stories, scandalous and false,
I'th'proper Language of Cabals :
Where all a subtil States-man says
Is half in Words, and half in Face :
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entrust it under solemn Vows
Of Mum and Silence, and the Rose
To be Retail'd again in Whispers,
For th'easie credulous to disperse.*

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out.
And strait another, all agast,
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste :
Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, as out of Breath ;

HUDIBRAS

Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

*That beastly Rabble,—that came down
From all the Garrets—in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,—in vast Swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills,—and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of Door;
Are now drawn up,—in greater Shoals,
To Roast—and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees—of our Members
Are Carbonading on—the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgesses—
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geese.
That serve for Characters—and Badges,
To represent their Personages.
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral-Pile,
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to Roast—and Broil alive;
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already, sacrific'd Incarnate.
For, while we wrangle here, and jar,
W're Grylly'd all at Temple Bar:
Some, on the Sign-post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to personate
Respective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Listed under Dun;
That worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most Primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is chosen for a Fifth agen;
(For, since the State has made a Quint*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*Of Generals, he's listed in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th'have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts:
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largest Bonfire riding,
Th'have roasted Cook already, and Pride-m.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
And March in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th'us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd Talismane,
Like Vermine in Effigie slain.*

*But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tail o'th' Beast;
Set up by Popish Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears:
For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o'th' Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:
Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th'open Streets;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin, and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.*

*Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State-Mysteries;
Though some suppose, 'twas but to shew*

HUDIBRAS

*How much they scorn'd the Saints, The Few;
Who, 'cause th'are wasted to the Stumps,
Are represented best by Rumps.
But Jesuites have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Priest, Kirkerus,
Found out this Mystick way to jear us.*

*For, as the Ægyptians us'd, by Bees,
T'express their Antick Ptolomies;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Because these subtil Animals
Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;
And when th'are once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their Well-order'd State:
They thought, all Governments were best,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps, exprest.*

*For, as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:
With which, like Vessels under Sail,
Th'are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
Their Courses with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The same thing With the Stern and Compass.
This shews, how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Rests with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungril State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.*

*The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call Luez,*

THIRD PART, CANTO II

*I'th' Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th'other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.*

*Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump-bone, the Parliament?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections;
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?*

*But now, alas, th'are all expir'd,
And th'House, as well as Members, fir'd;
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t'ungoverning Distress,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedness:
Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.*

*We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all*

HUDIBRAS

*The Horror, that attends our Fall :
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge.
And others who, by restless scraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine ;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last :
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Fail ;
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.*

*This said, A near and louder Shout
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout :
Who now begun t'out-run their fear,
As Horses do, from those that bear :
But crouded on, with so much haste,
Until th'had block'd the Passage fast ;
And Barricadoed it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches :
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a Crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers :
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs :
The Van-Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlorn Rere ;
But born down head-long by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble :
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly ;
And beat a Tuscan Running Horse,
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.*

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th'Inchanted Bow'r by Night :
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T'a Plea in Law, and prosecute :
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprize :
But first resolves to try by Letter,
And once more, fair Address, to get her.*

WHO would believe what strange *Bugbears*
Mankind creates it self, of *Fears*?
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;
And have no possible Foundation,
But merely in th'Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their *Imps and Teats*:
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.
For fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which.
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences :
As *Rosi-crusian Virtuoso's*,
Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both suppli'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the dark see *Visions*,

HUDIBRAS

And hag themselves with *Apparitions* :
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
Do things not contrary alone
To th'Course of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the Bravest daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant ;
For Men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when th'are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying :
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like Lions Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue :
And haunted with Detachments, sent
From *Marshal-Legion's Regiment* ;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat :
When nothing but himself and fear
Was both the *Imps and Conjuror* :
As by the Rules o'th' *Virtuosi*,
It follows in due *Form of Posie*.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight :
At *Blind-Man's-Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of *Night and Day* :
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse ;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whether) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed :
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best* ;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And though with Kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side :

THIRD PART, CANTO III

(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horse*;
And when the Hackney Sails most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
So though he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his *Haste*:
For Fear though fleetier than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And shift *t'another Scene* his Fear;
He found his new *Officious Shade*,
That came so timely to his Aid:
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's shape*.
So like in *Person, Garb and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t'unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight.
And while he gave himself Diversion,
T'accommodate his *Beast and Person*;
And put his *Beard* into a posture,
At best advantage to accost her:
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforsaid*:
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone*;
And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guest:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himself;
The Knight mistook him for an Elf.
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man:
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T'appear in one another's stead;
And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's* Part,

HUDIBRAS

With undistinguishable Art.
 They might have done so now perhaps,
 And put on one another's Shapes;
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him, a[n]d cry'd out.
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, quoth he, I'm none of those
Your Bosom-Friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh'has drag'd your Dunship out o'th' Mire;
And from the Incantments of a Widdow,
Wh'had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you.
And, though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
 Quoth he, *Th'Infernal Conjuror*
Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I in Hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said and did:
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not see him, nor his Agent;
Who plai'd their Sorceries out of sight,
T'avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?
 Not one, quoth he, *but Carnal Men.*
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, Jezabel;
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your Deposition.
 What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
 That plaid the Dev'l, to examine me?

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it.
In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats;
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest:
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my Hellish Fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit.
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.*

The Knight, who now began to find
Th'had left the Enemy behind;
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain;
Perciev'd, by losing of their Way,
Th'had gain'd th'advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good.
He ventur'd to dismiss his Fear,
That parting's wont to Rant and Tear.
And gives the desperat'st Attack
To danger, still behind its Back.
For, having paws'd to recollect,

HUDIBRAS

And on his past Success reflect,
 T'examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly;
 And when no Devil had appear'd,
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd?
 It put him in so fierce a Rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;
 Tost like a Foot-ball back again,
 With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

Quoth he, *It was thy Cowardise
 That made me from this Leaguer rise;
 And when I had half reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base.
 Was better cover'd by thy New
 Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
 To slight my new Acquests, and run
 Victoriously, from Battels won.
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost.
 To make me put my self to flight;
 And Conqu'ring, run away by Night.
 To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
 Durst never have presum'd to do.
 To mount me in the dark by force,
 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse.
 Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
 Without my Arms and Equipage;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might the unequal Fight renew.
 And, to preserve thy Outward Man,
 Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.*

*All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve my self, but you.
 You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
 Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs:
 To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse
 Than manning a Wooden Horse:
 Drag'd out through straiter Holes, by th'Ears,*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain:
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ransome;
And rescued your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was reforc'd,
And we disabled and unbors'd:
Disarm'd, unqualified for Fight;
And no way left, but hasty Flight.
Which, though as desperate in the Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.*

*But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of Man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest.
And for awhile will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.
And therefore I with reason chose
This Stratagem, t'amuse our Foes.
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total sure Defeat:
For, those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoyl.
Is held the gallantest Course, and bravest,
To great Exploits, as well as safest:*

HUDIBRAS

*That spares the Expence of Time and Pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As those that never trust to Fortune ;
But make their Fear do Execution,
Beyond the stoutest Resolution ;
As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients Crown'd their bravest Men
That only sav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done :
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, in th' Victory :
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all :
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets ;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun :
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.*

*To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame :
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells :
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie,
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks ;
For those who run from the Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly.
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*Those win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Slights.
Recover'd many a desp'rate Campain,
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy and Champain.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-Vitæ.
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bacrach, Hocamore and Mum:
Whom, the uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate.
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or else their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.*

*Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th'had won the day:
Although the Rabble sou'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far;
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole design of the Expedition.
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to death,
And those atchieve the high'st Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.*

HUDIBRAS

*And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
 Surprise, and Stratagem, and Mine.
 But have no need, nor use of Courage,
 Unless it be for Glory, or Forrage :
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
 When one side vent'ring to Advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rere :
 And forc'd with terrible resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance,
 To pick out Ground to incamp upon
 Where store of largest Rivers run,
 That serve instead of peaceful Barriers
 To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.
 Where both from side to side may skip,
 And only encounter at Bo-peep.
 For Men are found the stouter hearted,
 The certainer th'are to be parted.
 And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
 As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs ;
 And made their mortal Enemy,
 The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ;
 But who bears Hunger best, and Cold :
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving :
 But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
 The formidablest Man of Prowess.
 So, the Emperor Caligula,
 That triumph'd o'er the British Sea ;
 Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
 And Lobsters, 'stead of Curasiers ;
 Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
 With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles :
 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops.
 Not like their ancient way of War,
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr :
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,
 More bravely eat his Captives up ;*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*And left all Wars by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.*

Quoth Ralph, by all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course :
To hope by stratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battle to subdue her.
Though some have done it in Romances,
And bang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As those, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones :
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover :
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such Addresses, to be gain'd :
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Course s'infesible
As this of force to win the Jezabel.
To storm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms ;
But rather strive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witness the Accord.
Besides two more of her Retinue,
To testifie what pass'd between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold :
For which so many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contræts, have been trounc'd.
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound :
And that unless I miss the matter,
Is all the business you look after :
Besides, Encounters at the Bar,

HUDIBRAS

*Are braver now, than those in War.
In which the Law does Execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion:
Has more of Honour in't some hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old.
When those the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead.
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatso'ere's achiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right;
For whether you Prevail or Lose,
All must be try'd there in the close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, ere y'have done.*

*The Law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride:
And put her Person, Goods, or Lands,
Or which you like best int'your hands;*

*For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,
Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th'ingage with fiercer Dudgeons
Than e're the Grecians did and Trojans.
They never manage the Contest,
T' impair their publick Interest;
Or by their Controversies, lessen*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*The dignity of their Profession :
 Not like us Brethren, who divide
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause and Side,
 And though w' are all as near of Kindred
 As th' outward Man is to the Inward ;
 We agree in nothing but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle fangle,
 While Lawyers have more sober sense,
 Than to argue at their own expence.
 But make their best Advantages,
 Of other quarrels, like the Swiss,
 And out of Foreign Controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their Purses.
 But have no int'rest in the Cause,
 For which th'engage, and wage the Laws :
 Nor further Prospeēt than their Pay,
 Whether they lose or win the Day.
 And though th'abounded in all Ages,
 With sundry learned Clerks, and Sages.
 Though all their business be Dispute,
 With which they canvas every Suit ;
 Th' have no disputes about their Art,
 Nor in Polemicks controvert.
 While all Professions else are found,
 With nothing but Disputes t'abound :
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians ;
 The Gallenist, and Paracelsian,
 Condemn the way each other deals in.
 Anatomists disseēt and mangle,
 To cut themselves out Work to wrangle.
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams ;
 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes.
 And Heralds stickle, who got who,
 So many hundred Years ago.*

*But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,
 T'expose their Trade to Disputation:
 Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
 Of all their secret Pi[q]ues, and Grudges:*

HUDIBRAS

*In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.*

*Beside, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They swarm, like Insects, and Increase:
For what Bigot durst ever draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Daw?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their Fingers, if th'are Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'l write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye.
And soon Reduce you to b'your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.*

*The Knight who us'd with Tricks and Shifts,
To Edifie by Ralpho's Gifts:
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All Plagiary's Constant Course
Of sinking, when they take a Purse)
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him in disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution, as his own.*

*Quoth he; This Gambol thou advisest,
Is of all others, the unwiseest;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence.
To Act against my self, and Traverse*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*My Suit and Title to her favours.
And if she should, which Heaven forbid,
O'rethrow me, as the Fidler did,*

*What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at Stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be Reliev'd;
Is sillier than a sottish Chews,
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his house;
Applies himself to Cunning-men
To help him to his Goods again.
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until th'are never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But is as bad t'attempt, or worse:
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known:
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue:
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.
For I've reciev'd Advertisement,
By times, enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th'advantage of the business gains.
For Courts of Justice understand
The Plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver
The other nothing till he swear:*

HUDIBRAS

*Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his place :
And for his bringing Custom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I who resolve to oversee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counsel, to advise
Which way t'encounter or surprize.
And after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th'occasion ;
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice, too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.*

*An Old Dull Sot ; wh'had told the Clock,
For many years at Bridewel-Dock.
At Westminster, and Hickses-Hall,
And Hiccius-Doc[t]ius play'd in all ;
Where in all Governments, and Times,
H'had been both friend, and fo to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindring Justice, or maintaining :
To many a Whore gave Priviledge,
And whip'd, for want of Quarteridge,
Cart-loads of Bawds, to Prison sent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a trusty Pimp and Croney,
To Puddle-dock, for want of money.
Ingag'd the Constable to seize
All those, that would not break the Peace.
Nor give him back his own foul words,
'Though sometimes Commoners, or Lords :
And kept 'em Prisoners, of Course,
For being sober at ill hours.
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over, for his Fee.
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-plays,
For leave to practice, in their ways :
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share,*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*,
 And made the Dirt ith' Streets Compound,
 For taking up the Publick Ground :
 The *Kennel*, and the *King's High-way*,
 For being unmolested, Pay.
 Let out the *Stocks*, and *Whipping-Post*,
And Cage, to those that gave him most ;
 Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
 And for *False Weights* on *Chandellers*.
 Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
 For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.
 But was a kind and constant Friend
 To all that *Regularly* offend :
 As *Residentary Bawds*,
 And *Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods* ;
 That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,
 And pay *Church-duties*, and *his Fees* ;
 But was implacable and auker'd
 To all that *Interlop'd*, and *Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
 For Counsel, in his *Law-Affairs* ;
 And found him mounted, in his *Pew*,
 With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for shew,
 Like *Nest-eggs*, to make *Clients lay*
 And for his false Opinion pay :
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case :
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,
 As the other courteously strain'd.
 And to assure him, 'twas not that,
 He look'd for ; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one *Sidrophel*
Whom I have cudgel'd——Very well.
And now he brags, t'have beaten me.
Better, and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a Wall
Where e're he meets me——best of all.
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,

HUDIBRAS

*That I rob'd him——Well done in troth.
 When h' has confest, he stole my Cloak,
 And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,
 Which was the cause, that made me bang him,
 And take my Goods again——marry hang him:
 Now whether I should, before hand
 Swear he rob'd me? I understand,
 Or bring my Action of Conversion
 And Trover for my Goods? Ah Whorson.
 Or if 'tis better to indite,
 And bring him to his Trial? ——Right,
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' state against him? ——True.
 Or whether he that is Defendant
 In this Case, has the better end on't;
 Who putting in a new cross-bill,
 May traverse th' Action——better still.
 Then there's a Lady too. ——I marry,
 That's easily prov'd accessary.
 A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
 Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all——Good Lord,
 Suborn'd the aforesaid Sidrophel,
 To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell.
 Who put m'into horrid fear,
 Fear of my Life,——Make that appear.
 Made an assault, with Fiends and Men
 Upon my body.——Good agen.
 And kept me in a deadly fright
 And false Imprisonment all Night,
 Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horse,
 And stole my Saddle,——worse and worse;
 And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage:*

*Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
 You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
 As heart can wish, and need not shame,
 The proudest Man alive to claim.*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*For if th' have us'd you, as you say,
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
 I would it were my Case, I'd give,
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe.
 I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
 I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse ;
 For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,
 As Cross I win, and Pile you lose.
 And if I durst, I would advance
 As much, in Ready Maintenance ;
 As upon any Case I've known,
 But we that practice dare not own,
 The Law severely contrabands,
 Our taking business off Mens hands ;
 'Tis Common barratry, that bears
 Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
 And crops them, till there is not Leather,
 To stick a Pin in, left of either ;
 For which, some do the Summer-sault
 And ore the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
 But you may swear at any rate
 Things not in Nature, for the State :
 For in all Courts of Justice here
 A Witness is not said to swear,
 But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms :
 (I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat——)
 [F]or Justice, though she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side enclin'd
 Like charity, else right, and wrong,
 Could never hold it out so long,
 And like blind Fortune, with a slight,
 Conveys Mens Interest, and Right,
 From Stile's Pocket, into Nokeses :
 As easily as Hocus Pocus.
 Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,
 And clear again, like Hiccius-Doctius.*

HUDIBRAS

*Then whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your Wife :
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters Pass,
 The Business to the Law's alone,
 The proof is all it look's upon.
 And you can want no Witnesses,
 To swear to any thing you please.
 That hardly get their meer Expences
 By th' Labor of their Consciences,
 Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
 To Affidavit-Customers :
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for Jury-men, or Tales,
 Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
 Of Trustees, and Administrators :
 For that, quoth he, let me alone,
 W' have store of such, and all our own ;
 Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
 The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
 That's well ! Quoth he, But I should Guess,
 By weighing of Advantages.
 Your surest way is first to Pitch
 On Bongey, for a Water-witch :
 And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
 Y' have time enough, to deal with her.
 In th' Intrim ; Spare for no Trepans,
 To draw her Neck, into the Banes :
 Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
 And Bait 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets
 With Trains t' inveigle and surprise,
 Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's :
 And if she miss the Moustrap-Lines,
 They'll serve for other By-Designs :
 And make an Artist understand,
 To Copy out her Seal, or Hand :
 Or find void Places in the Paper,
 To steal in something to Intrap her.
 'Till with her worldly Goods, and Body,
 Spight of heart, she has indow'd ye.*

THIRD PART, CANTO III

*Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
 That ply ith' Temples, under trees.
 Or walk the Round, with Knights [o'th'] Posts :
 About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their hosts,
 Or wait for Customers, between
 The Piller-Rows in Lincolns-Inn.
 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
 And Affidavit-men, ne'r fail
 T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
 According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
 Their only Necessary Tools,
 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
 And when y'are furnish'd with all Purveys
 I shall be ready, at your service.*

*I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
 A straw to understand a Case,
 Without the admirabler skill
 To Wind, and Manage it at Will :
 To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,
 Against the Weather-gage of Laws ;
 And Ring the Changes upon Cases,
 As plain, as Noses upon Faces.
 As you have well instructed me
 For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee,
 I long to practice your advice,
 And try the subtle Artifice :
 To bait a Letter, as you bid,
 As not long after, thus he did,
 For having pump'd up all his Wit,
 A[n]d hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.*

HUDIBRAS

An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady.

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezar*.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise in Battel*,
By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattel*.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness.
Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To Everlasting Banishment
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence,
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So hainous, as you'd have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the case
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base*:
Who always are observ'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account:
The one for *great, and weighty Cause*,
To salve in Honour ugly *Flaws*.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those, who are nicest of their Honour.
The other, for *base Gain*, and *Pay*,
Forswear, and *Perjure*, by the *Day*;

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

And make th' exposing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal*, nor *Aspersion*,
Upon a *Great and noble Person*,
To say, he Nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd trick, to keep his Word
Though 'tis perfidiousness, and shame,
In meaner Men, to do the same.
For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more useful, to *the Great* :
Then *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears* ;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, and *punish the innocent*,
To make the Ears repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue* ;
And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of Law recover mine.
You're like, if you consider right,
To Gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Ladies sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at *Stake*,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own :
But sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem *good Service*, then a *Fault*,
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Sense*, the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the sense by Custom's checkt,
Are found *void*, and of none effect.
For no Man takes, or keeps a vow,

HUDIBRAS

But just as he sees others do,
 Nor are th' obliged to be so brittle,
 As not to yield, and bow a little,
 For as best temper'd Blades are found
 Before they break, to bend quite round,
 So truest Oaths are still most tough,
 And though they *bow*, are *breaking proof*.
 Then wherefore should they not b'allow'd
 In love a greater Latitude?
 For as the Law of Arms approves
 All ways to Conquests, so *should Loves*;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest, that prevails,

For how can that which is above
 All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
 Submit it's great Prerogative,
 To any other power alive?
 Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
 Become the subject of a Case?
 The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
 Be over-rul'd! by those made after?
 Commit the censure of *its Cause*
 To any, but it's own *Great Laws*?
 Love, that's the Worlds preservative,
 That keeps all Souls of things alive?
 Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate*,
 And gives Mankind a longer date.
 The Life of Nature, that restores,
 As fast [as] *Time*, and *Death* devours,
 To whose free gift, the World does ow
 Not only Earth but Heav'n too:
 For Love's the only Trade that's driven
 The *Interest of State in Heaven*,
 Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
 Is capable to entertain.
 For what can Earth produce, but *Love*
 To represent the *Jays above*?
 Or who, but *Lovers*, can converse,
 Like *Angels*, by the *Eye Discourse*?

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

*Address, and complement by vision,
Make Love, and Court by intuition?
And burn in Amorous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers?
Then how can any thing offend
In order, to so great an end?
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own supply was ment?
That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for the offences sake.
Or if it did not, but the Cause
Were left to'th injury of Laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be Equity in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:
That have no Passion of their own
No[r] pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict:
But to have Power to forgive,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler Fem,
To grant a Pardon, then condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t'indulge a well meant fault.
For why should he, who made address
All humble ways, without success:
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not strive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Design?
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love-Powder*?
And after letting *Blood and Purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*?
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd, by *Goblins*, in the Night?
Insulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,
With rude Invasion of his Beard?*

HUDIBRAS

And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,
 As foully by the Rabble handled?
 Attack'd by despicable Foes,
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
 And after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his Guard?
 When Horses being *spurr'd* and *prick'd*,
 Have leave to *kick*, for being *kick'd*?

Or why should you, whose *Mother Wits*
 Are furnish'd with all Perquisites?
 That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
 And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie in*?
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our *Cully-Sex*, and we use none?
 We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
 Against your Stratagems t'oppose?
 Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
 By which, we are no less put down?
 You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
 And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;
 Retire the more, the more we press,
 To draw us into Ambushes.
 As *Pirates* all false Colours wear,
 T'intrap th'unwary Mariner:
 So Women, to surprize us, spread
 Their *borrowed Flags*, of *White and Red*.
 Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
 Than their old Grandmothers, the *Pi&ts*:
 And raise more Devils *with their Looks*,
 Than *Conjurers less subtil Books*.
 Lay *Trains of Amorous Intrigues*,
 In *Towers*, and *Curls*, and *Perriwigs*.
 With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
 Than *Philip Ny's Thanks-giving-beard*,
 Prepost'rously t'intice, and Gain,
 Those to adore 'em they disdain:
 And only draw 'em in, to clog
 With idle Names, a Catalogue.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T'his Mistress, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd to obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T'Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *your great Allie, and yours*;
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamoured Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confest,
Against my Will, and Interest,
More than is daily done of course
By all men, when th'are under force.
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th'*Hang-man and their Prompters please*.
But are no sooner out of pain
Then they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th'Adventure, went:
All Mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,

HUDIBRAS

That had a *Lady to recover*,
 And did not steer a nearer Course,
 To fall aboard in his Amours?
 And what at first was held a Crime,
 Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
 By Ravishing of Women come?
 When Men upon their Spouses siez'd,
 And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
 They ne'er *Forswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,
 Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
 Nor took the pains *t'address* and *sue*,
 Nor *plaid the Masquerade* to wooe.
 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
 Nor juggled about Settlements:
 Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;
 Nor Lawyers, to *joyn Land, and Money*,
 In th'*Holy State of Matrimony*:
 Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
 Till *Alimony*, or *Death* departs:
 Nor would endure to stay, until
 Th'had got the very *Bride's Good Will*.
 But took a wise and shorter Course,
 To win the Lady's, *Down-right Force*.
 And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
 As they have often since, us Men;
 With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Figgs*,
 The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 Then talk'd of *Love, and Flames*, at leisure.
 For, after *Matrimony's* over,
 He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
 Deserves for ev'ry *Minute, more*
 Than *half a Year* of Love before:
 For which the Dames, in Contemplation
 Of that best way of Application,
 Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
 By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.—It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Though by the indirec'test way,
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, *for Bett'r or Worse*;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose:
For why should every Savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest*?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?
Because the Laws he since has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women.
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to suspend:
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest Clause, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly understood
Their Privilege, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T'encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin, they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery.
And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*;
And disobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove

HUDIBRAS

And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault.

But, I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th'Instructions of my Love.
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th'extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love, and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you* ;
Who have so Sov'rain a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul* :
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r possess,
To render all that serve you blest :
But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'l but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*.
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For, 'tis but just, that I should pay
Th'accruing Penance for Delay.
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, perusing *this Epistle*,
Believ'd h'had brought her to *his Whistle* ;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applause t'himself, twice over ;
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble distance, *to his wit* :
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart :
Then seal'd it with *his Coat of Love*
A smoaking Faggot——and above

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

Upon a Scroll——*I burn, and weep,*
And near it——*For her Ladyship;*
Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport.
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and learing Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

HUDIBRAS

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE

KNIGHT.

THat you'r a *Beast*, and turn'd to *Grass*,
Is no strange News, nor ever was ;
At least, to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound, *Replevin* you.
When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon* ;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th'Inevitable Death of Vermine :
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the Threads of *Pigs and Cows* ;
By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
Disarm'd and wrested from its *Knight*.
Your Heels *Degraded* of your *Spurs*,
And in the Stocks, close Prisoners.
Where still th'had Layn in base Restraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,
Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releas't 'em from the worst of Prisons ;
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget ;
When being free, you strove t'evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made :
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it ;
But after own'd, and justify'd it :
And when y'had falsely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet :

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th'only Course.
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul or Conscience* :
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.
These are the Motives, which t'induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting* ;
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies ;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might recover,
It is not hard to understand
The *Myst'ry* of this Bold Demand :
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not *those poultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set :
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those false *St. Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay *for Reds* ;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which, in our Cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with :
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.

HUDIBRAS

Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,
 The *Peregrines* you make us wear :
 But those bright Guineys in our Chests,
 That light the Wild Fire in your Breasts.
 These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their sly *Intrigues* I know.
 And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
 Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Fargones*.
 Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
 Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds:
 What Raptures fond, and Amorous
 O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House.
 What *Exstasy*, and *Scorching Flame*
 Burns for my *Mony*, in my *Name*.
 What from th'unnatural desire
 To *Beasts* and *Cattel*, take[s] its fire.
 What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
 Longs for a *thousand Pound a Year*.
 And Languishing Transports are fond
 Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill* and *Bond*.
 These are th'Attracts which most Men fall
 Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
 To these th'address with *Serenades*,
 And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;
 And yet, for all the yearning Pain
 Y'have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain :
 I fear they'l prove so nice and coy,
 To *have* and *t'hold*, and *to enjoy*;
 That all your *Oaths*, and *Labour lost*,
 They'l ne'er turn *Ladies of the Post*.
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your Judgment in your Choice of Love ;
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of Mankind study't as an Art.
 For Love should, *like a Deodand*,
 Still fall to th'owner of the *Land* :
 And where there's Substance, for its Ground
 Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter Basis
 Of *Airy Vertue*, *Wit* and *Graces* :

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

Which is of such thin Subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the Eye.
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again *as nice a way*.

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From solid *Gold*, and *precious Stones*;
Must, like its shining Parents prove
As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love*.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t'express
Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by these:
For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, a[n]d *conquers* with?
But *Rubies*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*;
With which a *Philter Love* commands?

This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Children's Love;
That force 'em t'*inter-marry and wed*,
As if th'were *Bur'ing of the Dead*.
Cast *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To joyn in *Wedlock* all they have.
And when the *Settlement's* in force,
Take all the rest, *For Better, or Worse*;
For Money has a Power above
The *Stars and Fate*, to manage *Love*:
Whose Arrows, *Learned Poets* hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold*.
And though some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names.
Who, many times, at once, provide
The *Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride*.
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames*;
And *woo, and contract, in their Names*.
And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em,
And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in *Matrimony*;
B[u]t sell and prostitute for Money.
'Tis better than their own *Betrothing*;
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th'are at their own *Dispose*,
With greater disadvantage chuse.

HUDIBRAS

All this is right! But for the Course
 You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done.
 No more than *Setters can betray*,
 That tell what *Tricks* they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a Vow;
 Which all Men either *break*, or *bow*:
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo*?
 Such as, beforehand, *swear and lye*,
 For *Earnest* to their Treachery:
 And, rather than a Crime confess,
 With greater, strive to make it less.
 Like Thieves, who, after Sentence past,
 Maintain their Innocence to the last.
 And when their Crimes were made appear
 As plain as Witnesses can swear.
 Yet, when the Wretches come to dye,
 Will take upon their Deaths a Lye.
 Nor are the Vertues, you confest
 T'your *Ghostly Father*, as you guest,
 So slight, as to be justifi'd,
 By being, as shamefully, deny'd.
 As if you thought your Word would pass
 Point-blank, on both sides, of a Case,
 Or Credit were not to be lost,
 B'a *Brave Knight Errant of the Post*.
 That *eats*, perfidiously, his *Word*,
 And *swears his Ears through a two Inch Board*:
 Can own the same thing, and disown;
 And perjure Booty, *Pro and Con*.
 Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn;
 When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiss'd*,
 To be *betray'd, and sold, like Christ*.
 These are the Vertues, in whose Name,
 A Right to all the World you claim:
 And boldly challenge a Dominion,
 In *Grace and Nature*, o'er all Women.

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

Of whom, no less will satisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
To govern such a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you :
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once,
You'll find Th'are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done :
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For, when we find y'are still more taken
With false Attracts of our own making ;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on :
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime :
You force us in our own Defences,
To *copy Beams* and *Influences* ;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces :
And, in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts :
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost ;
For, great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given.
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*.
Which, when th'are nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excel.

How fair and sweet *the Planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows ?
For, without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds :

HUDIBRAS

How dull and rugged e'er 'tis Ground,
 And Polish'd, looks a Diamond?
 Though *Paradise* was e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care.
 The whole World, without *Art* and *Dress*,
 Would be but one great *Wilderness*.
 And Mankind but a Savage Heard,
 For all that Nature has conferr'd.
 This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
 Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.

Though Women first were made for Men,
 Yet Men were made for them agen:
 For when (out-witted by his *Wife*),
 Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but, for *Life*,
 If Women had not interven'd,
 How soon had Mankind had an end?
 And that it is in *Being* yet,
 To us alone, you are in *Debt*.
 Then where's your liberty of Choice,
 And our unnatural No-voice?
 Since all the *Privilege* you boast,
 And falsly *usurp'd*, or vainly *lost*,
 Is now our Right; to *whose Creation*,
 You owe your *Happy Restoration*.
 And if we had not weighty Cause
 To not appear in making Laws,
 We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,
 And *Shallow*, *Formal Politicks*;
 Force you, our *Managements* t'obey,
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.
 Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
 T'advance your *high Prerogative*,
 You basely, after all your *Braves*,
 Submit, and own your selves our *Slaves*.
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publickly our Int'rests own;
 Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
 In ord'ring you, and your *Affairs*:
 When all your Empire and Command
 You have from us at *Second Hand*.

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers :
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common *Mariner* :
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star* ;
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, because we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the Mighty *Prester John*,
Whose Person none dares look upon ;
But is preserv'd in *Close Disguise*
From being made *cheap* to vulgar *Eyes*.
W'enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does Men :
And, in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *Emp'rors* at our feet fall down.
Or *Joan the Pucel*'s braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim.
Who, though a *Spinster*, yet was able,
To serve *France* for a *Grand Constable*.

We make and execute all *Laws* ;
Can judge the *Judges*, and the *Cause*.
Prescribe all Rules of *Right* or *Wrong*,
To th'*Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue* :
'Gainst which the World has no *Defence*,
But our more pow'rful *Eloquence*.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the World's *Affairs of State*.
Are Ministers of War and Peace,
That sway all *Nations* how they please.
We rule all *Churches*, and their *Flocks*,
Heretical, and *Orthodox*.
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O'th' *Spirit*, in all *Conventicles*.
By us is all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd, and *Manag'd*, and *Decay'd*.
For, nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.
We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting*,
And make Men do what we judge fitting.

HUDIBRAS

Are Magistrates in all great *Towns* ;
 Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns*.
 We make the *Man of War* strike *Sail*,
 And to our braver *Conduct* *vail*.
 And, when h'has chac'd his *Enemies*,
 Submit to us upon his *Knees*.
 Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely rais'd ; or *Magistrate*,
 That's *Haughty*, and *Imperious*?
 He's but a *Journy-man* to us.
 That, as he gives us cause to do't,
 Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out*.

We are your *Guardians*, that *increase*,
 Or *Waste* your *Fortunes*, how we please.
 And, as you humour us, can deal
 In all your *Matters*, *ill or well*.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,
 Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own*.
 To whose *Integrity* you must,
 In spite of all your *Caution*, trust.
 And 'less you *fly beyond the Seas*,
 Can fit you with what *Heirs* we please :
 And force you t'own 'em, though begotten
 By *French Valets*, or *Irish Foot-men*.
 Nor can the rigorousesest *Course*
 Prevail, unless to make us worse.
 Who, still the harsher we are us'd,
 Are further off from being reduc'd :
 And scorn t'abate, for any *Ills*,
 The least *Punètilio* of our *Wills*.
 Force does but whet our *Wits* to apply
 Arts, born with us, for *Remedy* :
 Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
 Have ne'er been able to defeat.
 For, when y'have try'd *all sorts of ways*,
What Fools d'we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battels in our steads,
And have your Brains beat out o'your Heads :

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

*Encounter in despite of Nature ;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t'appease.
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts ;
To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner ;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known :
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projects are preposterous.
To square the Circle of the Arts ;
And run stark mad to shew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we see Cause.
Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements.
And these are all the Mighty Powers,
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting :
Because your selves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's Pride :
Believe we have as little Wit
To be Out-hector'd, and Submit :
By your Example, lose that Right
In Treaties, which we gain'd in Fight :
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a Salick Law,
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to your Mighty Race.
Let Men usurp th'unjust Dominion,
As if they were the better Women.*

FINIS.

READINGS OF THE FIRST AUTHORISED EDITION.

- p. 3, l. 11. civil Dudgeon first. l. 24. rode Colonelling.
- p. 4, l. 3. never bow'd his.
 l. 23. For't has been held by many, that
 As Mountaigne, etc.
 ll. 27-8. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 5, ll. 9-10. And truly so he was perhaps,
 Not as a *Proselyte*, but for *Claps*.
 ll. 35-6. *Not in 1st Edn.*
 l. 37. But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
 In loftiness, etc.
- p. 6, ll. 23-6. *Not in 1st Edn.* ll. 37-8. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 7, ll. 13-4. *Not in 1st Edn.*
 l. 15. He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity,
 ll. 23-6. A second *Thomas*, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce.
 For he a Rope of sand could twist,
 As tough as learned Sorbonist;
- p. 8, ll. 3-4. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 9, ll. 4-5. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 10, l. 8. was monastick, and.
- p. 11, ll. 33-8. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 12, ll. 1-2. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 13, l. 6. Of Warrants, Exigents.
 ll. 30-1. *The 1st Edn. adds between these lines:*
 These would inveigle Rats with th' sent,
 To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
- p. 14, l. 12. hold on tail.

READINGS OF THE

- p. 15, l. 15. more stately tone. l. 38. it *Gifts*, and.
 p. 18, l. 31. thimble or a.
 p. 19, l. 33. which anon we mean to. l. 39. talking to Familiar.
 p. 20, l. 4. thus we do accost.
 p. 22, l. 34. our own selves, without cause.
 p. 23, l. 9. Nor for free *Liberty of Conscience*.
 l. 18. made internecine war.
 p. 24, l. 6. to me.
 after l. 34 add (*Tussis pro crepitu*, an Art
 Under a Cough to slur a Fart)
 p. 25, ll. 16-7. Thou wilt at best but *suck a Bull*,
 Or *shear Sawine*, *All Cry*, and *no Wooll*.
 l. 25. Compr'hend them *inclusivè* both.
 l. 27. As likely pass.
 p. 26, l. 4. W'are slurr'd and. l. 20. need not copy.
 p. 27, l. 3. as yerst the.
 p. 28, ll. 2-5 of the *Argument*.
 Of th' Enemy's best men of War;
 To whom the Knight does make a speech,
 And they defie him: after which
 He fights with Talgol, routs the Bear,
 p. 30, ll. 14-5. Who now began to draw in field,
 As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
 l. 19. From off his. l. 20. Yet not.
 ll. 22-3. Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers, and their order.
 ll. 30-1. Courage and Steel, both of great force,
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 l. 35. To free Sword.
 l. 37. From rusty Durance he bayl'd Tuck.
 l. 39. Arms sate loose.
 p. 31, ll. 4-7. *Ralpho* rode on with no less speed,
 Then *Hugo* in the Forrest did;
 But with a great deal more return'd,
 For now the Foe he had discern'd.
 l. 21. the Knot of Noose.
 p. 32, l. 12. Next follow'd *Orsin*.
 ll. 24-5. He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well.
 p. 33, l. 17. are th' undoubted President.
 p. 34, l. 13. Wounds nine miles. l. 25. the Breech that.

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- p. 35, ll. 25-7. Did stew their meat between their Bums
And th' Horses backs o're which they straddle,
And every man eat up his Saddle.
- p. 36, l. 13. many Fatherless.
- p. 38, ll. 16-9. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 40, l. 8. had a harder. l. 36. several Countries round.
- p. 42, l. 4. by either House. l. 27. Cry'd out.
- p. 43, l. 19. Calves or Steers.
- p. 44, ll. 36-9. For to transcribe a Church invisible,
As we have sworn to doe, it is a *bull*.
- p. 45, ll. 1-4. For when we swore to do it after
The best-reformed Churches that are.
- p. 46, l. 14. Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither.
- p. 47, l. 13. Keep it self in lodging. l. 26. all the Pride.
l. 32. Turn Death of Nature to thy work.
- p. 48, l. 20. he should ne're.
l. 25. Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to stock.
l. 27. Truncheon smote at *Knight*.
ll. 28-9. But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
l. 38. his rugged Sword.
l. 39. With stomach huge he laid about.
- p. 49, ll. 26-7. But now fierce *Colon* 'gan draw on,
To aid the distrest Champion.
l. 29. A dismal Combat 'twixt them two.
l. 30. Metal, th' other Wood.
- p. 50, ll. 3-4. *Not in 1st Edn.* l. 5. underneath the Tail.
l. 6. Of Steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
l. 8. And feel regret on Fundament. l. 11. from Thistle.
l. 12. That gall'd him sorely under his tail.
l. 16. the *Knight's* Steed such a.
l. 17. As made him reel. l. 22. catching foe by.
l. 24. him thrice his.
- p. 51, l. 28. He strove t' escape pursuit of *Knight*.
- p. 52, l. 3. Urine, cast in sownd. l. 6. And listing it.
l. 7. up, to fall on *Knight*. l. 11. and skin upon.
l. 18. beheld pernicion.
l. 19. Approaching *Knight* from fell Musician.
l. 27. The Skin encounter'd.
l. 30. blow on side and arm.
l. 31. *Knight* entraunc'd frō harm.

READINGS OF THE

- p. 52, l. 36. Squire right. l. 37. setting conquering foot.
- p. 55, l. 2. A Nothingness in.
- p. 57, l. 8. Leaning on shoulder.
l. 22. Chain, or Bolt, or Grate.
- p. 59, l. 21. as suer as.
- p. 60, l. 1. Thinking h' had. l. 21. heart of grace, and.
l. 23. For by this time, the routed *Bear*.
- p. 61, l. 35. and slav'd it.
- p. 63, l. 4. Until the Mastives.
- p. 65, l. 17. with his bones.
- p. 66, l. 9. O' th' Rascals, but loss of my Bear.
l. 29. of the old.
- p. 67, ll. 27-8. As now he did, and aiming right,
An Arrow he let flie at *Knight*.
- p. 68, l. 34. bore, until the.
- p. 69, l. 14. Quoth he.
- p. 70, l. 39. Which they thought best to sally at.
- p. 71, l. 27. by turns those.
- p. 72, l. 40. his whiniard, and.
- p. 73, ll. 22-4. As *Ralpho* might; but he with care.
l. 25. his hurt forbare.
l. 28. For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd.
l. 29. encounter, they both.
l. 30. The fight so well, 'twas hard to say.
l. 35. When the disaster.
l. 37. Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
- p. 74, l. 19. Of *Hudibras*.
- p. 75, ll. 7-8. *Not in 1st Edn.* l. 10. his bonny Steed.
ll. 15-6. As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
l. 24. Whom *Orsin*.
- p. 79, l. 20. Which in all feats.
- p. 80, l. 23. more wore thy.
- p. 81, ll. 22-31.
Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin;
Or wilt thou be worse then thy huffing?
Thou saidst th' woud'st kill me, marry would'st thou:
Why dost thou not, thou *Jack-a-Nods* thou?
- p. 83, l. 30. make that quarter.
- p. 84, l. 34. 'gainst the Fort.

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- p. 85, l. 1. that built the. l. 14. them in *Hockly i' th' hole*.
- p. 86, l. 15. for time to.
 l. 19. that is in Battel slain. l. 38. not draw.
- p. 87, l. 6. That Cuckow's tone.
- p. 88, l. 15. this later Age. l. 31. mullets on Sin.
- p. 89, l. 19. make their *spiritual*.
- p. 91, l. 1. And Bishop-secular.
- p. 105, ll. 1-2 of the *Argument*.
 The Knight, by Damnable Magician,
 Being cast illegally in Prison;
 l. 5 of the *Argument*. he reviv's the.
- ll. 2-5 of *Canto I*. Let bloody Steel a while be sheathed
 And unto *Love* turn we our style,
- ll. 6-7. *The 1st Edn. adds between these two lines:*
 By this time tyr'd with th' horrid sounds
 Of blows, and cutts, and bloud. and wounds:
 l. 10. That a mans fancy should
- p. 106, l. 19. We whilom left.
 l. 35. *The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that your should be read*
 here, but the correction was not made later.
- p. 107, l. 24. This twatling *Gossip*.
 ll. 38-9. That is, to see him deliver'd safe
 Of's wooden burthen, and Squire Raph;
- p. 108, l. 21. their dreadfulst shapes.
- p. 109, l. 9. Discoursing thus upon his Beard.
 l. 31. such elenctique case. .
- p. 111, ll. 28-9. To his good Grace, for some offence,
 Forfeit before, and pardond since:
 l. 33. the *Princely* blows.
- p. 114, l. 20. Transform'd his.
- p. 117, l. 8. *Knight Errant*.
- p. 118, l. 9. or douce in. *The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that*
 dive should be read here. It was altered later to
 plunge.
 ll. 20-5. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 120, l. 21. No more, then on the thing they *lean*.
 l. 40. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 121, ll. 1-3. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 122, l. 2. your gentler *Fate*.
- p. 123, l. 4. y' were sold. l. 11. all the *Provender*.
- p. 124, l. 8. never shall be.

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- p. 124, l. 10. *The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that Nature should be read here, but the correction was not made later.*
- p. 126, ll. 18-9. I here engage my self to loose yee,
And free your beels from *Caperdewsie*.
- p. 127, l. 35. with *Legislative* blows.
- p. 128, l. 7. *The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that Squirrel should be read here, but it was not altered later.*
- ll. 16-9. And in the *Lanthorn* of the Night
With shining *Horns*, hung out her light :
- p. 130, l. 18. to rub his. l. 37. He scratch'd it first, and.
- p. 131, l. 6. a tittle, may.
- p. 134, l. 33. But meer.
- p. 137, l. 29. *The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that just should be read here, but it was not altered later.*
- p. 138, l. 35. folly blab it.
- p. 141, l. 7. *The Errata in the 1st Edn. states that firke should be read here, but it was not altered later.*
- p. 142, l. 32. Capoch'd your.
- p. 143, ll. 6-7. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 144, l. 10. They might discern respective noyse.
l. 34. blew as strong. ll. 36-7 *Not in 1st Edn.*
l. 38. Next, Pan, and.
- p. 145, l. 5. With snuffling.
- p. 146, l. 12. he that made.
ll. 13-5. Or *Ross*, or *Cælius Rodogine*,
- p. 148, l. 38. *Women*, that were
- p. 149, l. 22. or left what undone. l. 30. *Falne* to.
- p. 151, l. 11. Retreat, to avoyd Pursuit.
ll. 22-7. *Not in 1st Edn.*
- p. 152, l. 3. *of the Argument. To Sidrophel.*
l. 27. as *Lawyers* in.
- p. 153, l. 9. Run after *Wisards*.
- p. 155, l. 22. And *Chicken* languish.
- p. 156, l. 4. A *Ledger* to.
- p. 158, l. 8. and *Bob Grosted*.
- p. 160, l. 25. Of those.
- p. 161, l. 9. not vent, find.
- p. 163, l. 20. be the Cannon-Ball. l. 40. makes he there.
- p. 166, l. 15. and knew. l. 16. you spake, your.
- p. 170, l. 9. there not myriads.

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- p. 171, l. 9. alas, is it to.
- p. 174, ll. 27-33. About the *Suns* and *Earths* approach;
And swore, that he, that dar'd to broach
Such paultry *Fopperies* abroad,
- l. 38. He knew no more then th' *Pope of Rome*.
- p. 175, ll. 5-7. Some say, 'The Stars ith' *Zodiack*,
Are more then a whole *Signe* gone back,
Since *Ptolomy*; and prove the same,
- l. 8. now, then in.
- p. 181, l. 26. rev'rend Persons to.
- p. 197, l. 16. *Strings* t' his *Bow*.
- p. 198, l. 35. us'd as only *Antick*.
- p. 203, l. 25. and *Seals*.
- p. 207, l. 2. *their Prices Three*.
- p. 214, l. 9. 'tis ere so. l. 30. the *Goose they*.
- p. 240, l. 1. That were. l. 30. the *Huon-cry*.
- p. 246, l. 37. of th' *Excise*.
- p. 247, l. 22. That is to.
- p. 252, l. 24. *Who, taking*. l. 35. As 'twas.
- p. 255, l. 7. *Dependence upon*.
- p. 259, l. 13. 'twas ours and.
- p. 262, l. 21. *out-loiter*.
- p. 265, l. 10. *of his Soul*.
- p. 272, l. 17. *less ingenuous in*. l. 26. as *Out of fashion'd*.
- p. 278, l. 10. and *Broil us*.
- p. 285, l. 19. she convoy'd him.
- p. 296, l. 8. *in Law*. l. 17. Reduce her to.
- p. 300, l. 26. *into a horrid*.
- p. 301, l. 16. *business of Mens*. l. 20. a *Pen in*.
- p. 302, l. 20. of all *Conscience*.
- l. 22. weighing all *Advantages*.
- l. 40. of her heart.
- p. 313, l. 5. his *Faithless Squire*.
- p. 319, l. 6. now governs you. l. 15. still most taken.
- l. 23. on and *Graces*.
- p. 320, l. 9. That does.
- p. 321, l. 29. Ministers in *War*.
- l. 30. how we please.
- p. 323, l. 17. To be our.

ERRATA.

The following misprints in the texts printed from have been noted :

- p. 3, l. 17. swear *for* sweaa *The correction is noted in some copies of the 1678 Edn.* l. 18. knew *for* know. *Also corrected in some 1678 copies.*
- p. 6, l. 13. vent *for* vent.
- p. 8, l. 4. Below *for* Bolow it. *for* it
- p. 11, l. 4. Shoulders *for* Soulders l. 15. With *for* Whith
l. 18. meat, *for* meat,
- p. 14, l. 15. further *for* fruther
- p. 16, l. 13. cost *for* costs l. 17. Needle *for* Neele l. 29. in
(*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* and l. 40. rehearse *for*
reherse *Corrected in some 1678 copies.*
- p. 18, l. 2. descry'd *for* descr'y'd
- p. 19, l. 13. makes *for* make
- p. 21, l. 5. Isthmian *for* Istnian l. 28. other *for* others
- p. 22, l. 2. Authority, *for* Authority.
- p. 24, l. 7. Antichristiau *for* Antichristiam l. 17. Provincial,
for Provincial
- p. 25, l. 28. less. *for* less.
- p. 32, l. 18. Lists he led (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* Lists led
- p. 33, l. 28. which so oft (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* which has so oft
l. 32. ever (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* never
- p. 34, l. 5. Lampoons. *for* Lampoons) l. 8. From him his
(*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* From his l. 13. solder,
for solder l. 21. Piss, *for* Piss.
- p. 35, l. 7. Target *for* Tarket l. 8. langued *for* languid
l. 13. with. *for* with, l. 15. Muscovite *for*
Mascovite l. 35. is, *for* is
- p. 36, l. 3. blood : *for* blood l. 6. he *for* he, l. 13. made.
for made

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- p. 37, l. 8. Arms *for* Ams
 p. 38, l. 13. to *for* too
 p. 40, l. 32. head *for* head.
 p. 41, l. 36. out, *for* out.
 p. 42, l. 14. settle *for* settle, l. 18. women *for* woman
 p. 45, l. 29. chief *for* chief, l. 39. I'll *for* i'll
 p. 46, l. 2. word. *for* word; l. 12. O'thy *for* O'th thy
 p. 47, l. 12. Skull *for* Sknll l. 20. times he smote (*as in*
1st Edn.) *for* times smote
 p. 49, l. 10. engag'd, *for* engag'd.
 p. 52, l. 2. fall, *for* fall l. 12. Detriment *for* Detriment.
 p. 53, l. 20. fly *for* fly. l. 32. Victory. The *for* Victory, the
 p. 57, l. 35. there *for* their
 p. 58, l. 19. Delinquent *for* Deliquent
 p. 59, l. 4. the *for* she
 p. 61, l. 18. he *for* be
 p. 62, l. 12. trip *for* tript l. 25. attempt *for* artempt
 p. 63, l. 35. wanting *for* wonting
 p. 64, l. 12. foes. *for* foes l. 30. ruin? *for* ruin, l. 32.
 guep. *for* guep, l. 33. part? *for* parts l. 38.
 budget. *for* budget,
 p. 65, l. 5. me *for* me.
 p. 68, l. 37. disdain *for* disdain.
 p. 69, l. 27. Conquerer? *for* Conquerer
 p. 73, l. 36. And *for* And'
 p. 74, l. 38. but if they (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* but they
 p. 77, l. 1. foes, *for* foes.
 p. 79, l. 6. lurch. *for* lurch? l. 35. thee *for* the
 p. 80, l. 19. she *for* he
 p. 82, l. 30. Whether *for* Whither
 p. 83, l. 17. yerst *for* perst
 p. 85, l. 38. finger *for* finger,
 p. 86, l. 1. ancients *for* ancient
 p. 87, l. 8. thou *for* thon l. 12. call) *for* call. l. 32.
 Bearward, *for* Bearward.
 p. 89, l. 20. Handkerchief *for* Handerchief
 p. 92, l. 28. o'erthrown. *for* o'erthrown,
 p. 93, l. 38. agen. *for* agen,
 p. 97, l. 5. Aristotle *for* Aristotle,
 p. 99, l. 18. Vickars. *for* Vickars l. 19. Authority *for*
 Authothority

ERRATA

- p. 101, l. 1. Dame *for* Dame. l. 12. Commons *for* Commous
- p. 106, l. 35. Her *for* He
- p. 107, l. 27. Of *for* Af
- p. 108, l. 31. Delinquent *for* Deliquent
- p. 110, l. 21. maim, *for* maim.
- p. 111, l. 17. Fists, *for* Fists. l. 29. dispence: *for* dispence,
- p. 113, l. 22. breath, *for* breath.
- p. 114, l. 5. fault. *for* fault, l. 17. flesh *for* fiesh l. 39.
to *for* too
- p. 115, l. 18. Lovers *for* Lover's
- p. 117, l. 37. own. *for* own,
- p. 122, l. 32. Proprietors *for* Propeietors
- p. 123, l. 16. Virility's *for* Virilities l. 27. wear *for* were
- p. 124, l. 6. lose, *for* lose.
- p. 125, l. 10. else *for* else. l. 13. warrant *for* wrrrant
- p. 128, l. 12. Light, *for* Light. l. 18. Sphere, *for* Sphere.
- p. 131, l. 16. be a Sin *for* be a be Sin
- p. 135, l. 23. vary. *for* vary
- p. 136, l. 2. Hudibras *for* Hudibrs
- p. 137, l. 2. Conscience *for* Conseience
- p. 141, l. 33. I' th' publick *for* I' th' the publick
- p. 143, l. 30. if *for* of l. 40. thought *for* though
- p. 144, l. 29. descry, *for* descry. l. 36. heads *for* heads.
l. 37. Suedes. *for* Suedes
- p. 145, l. 17. spurs, *for* spurs.
- p. 146, l. 29. Petticoat *for* Peteicoat
- p. 147, l. 20. Nor *for* not
- p. 149, l. 38. At that an *for* At that at an
- p. 150, l. 36. 'Twas *for* Twas
- p. 155, l. 18. chews'd; *for* chews'd l. 31. Saints *for* Saints,
- p. 157, l. 28. hand. *for* hand,
- p. 158, l. 22. would (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* would not
- p. 159, l. 36. Cickle, *for* Cickle
- p. 162, l. 40. Paradise, *for* Paradise.
- p. 163, l. 2. lays *for* lay l. 33. right, *for* right.
- p. 164, l. 6. Or *for* Of l. 32. Hudibras. *for* Hudibras,
- p. 165, l. 24. him suitable (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* him a suitable
- p. 166, l. 22. Quoth *for* Quoth, l. 23. And for three (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* And three l. 32. Your Eyes
out *for* You Eyes ont

ERRATA

- p. 169, l. 23. but a mean (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* but mean
- p. 170, l. 7. day, *for* day.
- p. 171, l. 26. way *for* away
- p. 172, l. 40. know. *for* know,
- p. 173, l. 15. therefore *for* threfore
- p. 174, l. 20. hold *for* old (*corrected in some 1678 copies*)
- p. 175, l. 24. 'Twill *for* Twill
- p. 176, l. 2. Husbands, *for* Husbands l. 21. but the twinkling
(*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* but twinkling l. 24.
Officer *for* Offieer
- p. 177, l. 29. 't t' your *for* 't 't to your l. 33. Pocket, *for* Pocket
- p. 178, l. 18. such *for* which (*altered in some 1678 copies*)
- p. 179, l. 9. Hudibras *for* Hudibaas l. 29. said in haste, in haste
he (*as in 1st Edn.*) *for* said, in haste he
- p. 180, l. 29. wonted *for* wanted
- p. 183, l. 10. Scull, *for* Scull.
- p. 184, l. 4. croud, *for* croud.
- p. 185, l. 25. wise, *for* wise.
- p. 188, l. 23. American *for* Amercian
- p. 190, l. 4. of *for* (of
- p. 191, l. 9. appear *for* appaar l. 29. Sedgwyck *for* Sedwyck
l. 30. Magician *for* Magician.
- p. 192, l. 23. Mario *for* Maria l. 26. Peloponneso *for*
Peloponesso
- p. 193, l. 11. Demonstrationibus docuerunt *for* Demonstationibus
docueruut l. 12. propiorem *for* propriorem
l. 15. magnum *for* magnnm
- p. 207, l. 17. searching *for* seaching
- p. 212, l. 11. For *for* Por
- p. 251, l. 12. ne'er *for* near
- p. 286, l. 5. and *for* aad
- p. 292, l. 8. i'th' *for* i'th,
- p. 294, l. 23. woo; *for* woo.
- p. 295, l. 39. Piques *for* Pipues
- p. 298, l. 18. Doctius *for* Dockius
- p. 300, l. 28. Men *for* Men.
- p. 301, l. 16. business *for* business, l. 31. For *for* Eor
- p. 302, l. 30. Bait *for* Bait,

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- p. 303, l. 3. o'th' *for* ot'h l. 30. And *for* Aud
p. 305, l. 17. Ears *for* Ears,
p. 306, l. 14. above *for* above, l. 29. as Time *for* and Time
p. 307, l. 18. Nor *for* Not
p. 316, l. 16. takes *for* take
p. 317, l. 12. and *for* aud l. 36. But *for* Bnt
p. 319, l. 8. once, *for* once.
p. 320, l. 13. Wife), *for* Wife) l. 14. Life, *for* Life.

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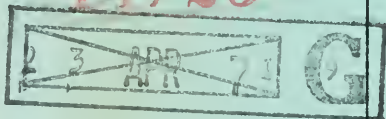
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